25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1917. | NUMBER 8

The Tale of a Stamp.

I'm a stamp,
A postage stamp,
A two-center.
Don't want to brag,
But I never was licked,
Except once—
By a gentleman, too.
He put me onto a good thing.
It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, and square.
I've been stuck on the envelope
Ever since
He dropped us,
The envelope and me,
Through a slot in a dark box.
We were rescued by a mail-clerk—
More's the pity.
He hit me an awful smash
with a hammer.
It left my face black and blue.
Then I went on a long journey..
Of two days,
And when we arrived,
The pink envelope and me,
We were presented
To a perfect peach of a girl
With the stunningest
Pair of blue eyes
That ever blinked.
Say, she's a dream!
Well,
She mutilated the pink envelope
And tore one corner of me off
With a hair pin.
Then she read what was inside
The Pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully.
I would be stuck on her
If I could.
She placed the writing back
In the pink envelope,
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you baby doll!
Her lips were ripe as cherries,
And warm as the summer sun.
We,
The pink envelope and me,
Are now nestling snugly
In her bosom.
We can hear her heart throb.
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say, this is great!
I'm glad I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

Setting and Hatching.

Getting ready to print The Fool-Killer is sorter like raising chickens—only different. An old hen sets three weeks before she hatches, but this tomfoolery which you are reading has to be hatched before it can set. I do the hatching, and then I turn over what I have hatched to the type-setter and he sets it up. The setting was about to get ahead of the hatching just now, and that's why I hatched this piece.

A SERMON ON TIME.

Yes, this is a sermon on time, but you have to pay cash in advance for it. I never credit out my sermons, not even when they are sermons on time. The cash-in-advance plan is better. And so now is the time to subscribe, as the poet says.

Does anybody know exactly what sort of a looking thing Time is, anyhow? I have lost a good deal of sleep studying over this problem, and I ain't got it fixed yet.

Time, as we understand it, is divided into three parts—Past, Present, and Future. The past is that portion of Time that has done drawn its pay and gone home. But I don't know where it lives. A long way off, perhaps. And no doubt it has quit the job for good, and never will come back. The Future is that portion of Time that has bought its ticket and started, but ain't got here yet. The Future is coming toward us all the time, but it don't all come together. And it won't all get here at once. If it did, we would have more Time on our hands than we could use. And Time is like wheat dough in hot weather—if it ain't properly used at the proper time it sours and goes to waste. So you see if all the Future came to us in one pile and we couldn't use it till it soured, then we would be in a wusser fix than Hiram was when his gallus broke.

But coming right down to brass tacks, as Paul remarked in his letter to the Methodist Conference, it is the Present that most concerns us. And what is the Present? I will give a brand-new fifty-cent automobile to any man who will give me a satisfactory answer to that question. How big a chunk of Time is the Present? Go ahead and give me its length, breadth and thickness. And tell me how fast it travels past any given point. The hired man waiting for dinner to come says Time travels in an ox-cart and stops to rest its team every few steps. But the fellow with a note coming due and nothing to pay it with is very sure Time rides in a 1917 Model Overland and is the most reckless driver on the road. Which is right? How does Time travel? Or does it travel at all? Maybe it stands perfectly still and we do the moving ourselves. Which would make Time's apparent speed to every man depend on his own speed. But that won't do, either, for that would make Time wait on the motions of men, wouldn't it? And you remember Paul tells us again in his second letter to the Medical Almanac that "Time and Tide wait for no man." And so I reckon Time does travel, after all. But how fast? And which way? These are important questions for you and me, and they are mighty hard to answer.

As I said a few lines back, we are dealing with the Present, and we want to learn something about it. If the Present moves, is it going the way we are going, or in the opposite direction? My notion is that it comes meeting us, and sometimes it runs over us and mashes us pretty tolerable flat, as the poet says.

But when you get your microscope and examine it right plum carefully, the Present is a mighty little thing to have so much power as it has. As well as I can tell, it has considerable width from North to South, but from East to West it ain't thicker than tissue paper. The Past crowds up on one side and the Future crowds up on the other side until the poor little Present looks like a very tiny speck of butter between two big pones of bread.

We are all after the butter. And the bread, too. But some of us don't have Time enough to get as much as we want.

And that's all I know about Time for this time. Maybe some other time I will take time to tell you more about Time.

THE LATEST DUEL.

The Fool-Killer has just received from a correspondent the following somewhat uncertain account of a duel that was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other I am half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but I shall leave the decision to my readers:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There is a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows he shot Nott, which proved either that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot not withstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Comfort is pleasure with the juice squeezed out.

A FOOL-KILLER PARABLE.

One time when I was about as big as a pound of soap after a day's washing, me and another little devil fell out and fit like wildcats. Our mammies saw the racket and heard the dust a-flyin' and came running to pull us off of each other. We were both on top, as well as I remember.

After they had got us parted they tried to get us to tell what the fuss started over. I told it my way and the other kid told it his way, and of course neither of us told it straight.

But my mammy believed what I told, and the other kid's mammy believed what he told, and from that they went at it, too. Our daddies heard our mammies quarrelling, and here they came and joined in the fuss. Before it finally ended the whole neighborhood was lined up on one side or the other, and there was enough hide and old clothes scattered around there to start a tan yard and a paper mill.

From a strictly Bible standpoint the above yarn might be called a lie, but if you ain't already seen a great truth in it you had better read it over again. The Great War that has drenched Europe in blood started in just as foolish a way as that, and has been continued with just as little reason, so far as the people who fight and suffer are concerned. And when Wilson asks them to state what they are fighting for he is making just as silly a request as if he had asked me and that other little devil what we were scrapping about. Naturally each side will tell it its own way, and nobody will tell the truth about it. Whether you take it on a small scale or a large scale, human nature is always and every where pretty much the same.

Here's a marriage notice that appeared in an exchange: "Married at Flinstone, by Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Whetstone and Miss Wilhemina Sandstone, both of Limestone." This is getting mighty "rocky" and there's bound to be a "blasting" of the "stony" hearts before many "pebbles" appear on the connubial bench. The grindstone of domestic infelicity will sharpen the axe of jealously and discord, and sooner or later one or the other of this pair will rest beneath a tombstone. Then look out for brimstone.

The man who never makes mistakes
Must forfeit much delight;
He cannot feel the sweet surprise
Of sometimes being right.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . Editor
Boomer, . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty 'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 9th day of October, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 19[illegible].

PARAGRAPHS.

One man can hang a jury, but it takes a jury to hang one man.

Every man acts a lot more lies than he tells.

Some bare-faced lies are old enough to wear a full beard.

Cupid is an excelent shot, but he often bags some mighty poor game.

Every woman would be happy if she could get feet to fit her shoes.

No man ought to get married until he is old enough to know better.

Some men marry widows because they are too lazy to do the courting themselves.

When everybody knows just how a thing should be done, it is never done.

The man who has no enemies may be good, but nobody seems to know what he is good for.

A man generally wears his first dress suit about as awkwardly as he handles his first baby.

Some women would object to the millenium if it should come on a wash day.

They say a woman's mind is cleaner than a man's. It ought to be—she changes it oftener.

The only thing you can depend on in this world is that people will certainly talk about each other. Every other rule changes.

There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand a woman. One is before marriage, and the other after.

He Went.

If any of the nice young ladies who read The Fool-Killer are troubled with beaus who stay too long when they come a-courtin', the following true story may give them a useful hint.

A certain young lady in this community had a "feller" who was in the habit of calling at her home six nights in the week and staying so late that he became a nuisance. One night not long ago, after the clock had struck eleven, she gave him a pencil and a piece of paper and told him to make eleven ciphers in a straight line. He did so. Then she told him to draw a perpendicular line down from the right side of the first and a line up from the right side of the fourth, down on the right side of the fifth, up on the right side of the seventh and eighth, and down from the right side of the tenth, all these up and down lines to be about half-an-inch long. Then she told him to read what he had written. The hint was most startling, and the young fellow has not been there since.

PRIZE CONTEST!

Prize Contests are the order of the day, and The Fool-Killer is not going to be left behind. So I have decided to announce in the February issue the beginning of a Great Subscription Contest which will run for Six Months, and in which several Valuable Prizes will be given away to the persons sending in the largest number of subscriptions. The Prizes will be strictly high class and very valuable, and somebody is going to get them for a few days' work taking subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. All clubs mailed on and after the first day of February will count on the Contest. The complete plan will be announced in the February issue. Look out for it! And if you would like to join in the Contest, send me your name right now and let me send you some extra copies of the February issue as soon as it comes from the press.

Please Renew.

The subscription price of The Fool-Killer used to be ten cents a year in clubs of five or more; but when the paper trust began to charge three prices for print paper it became necessary to raise the subscription price to fifteen cents in clubs. And the 40,000 names that I had put on at ten cents have been a great burden to carry through these "war-price" times, and I had to lose on them the very best I could do.

The time has now come to cut off several thousand of these ten cent names, which is a relief in one sense; but I don't want to lose any of these good friends; therefore I hope they will all renew at the "war price" (15 cents a year in clubs of five or more) and stay with me right along.

Americans seldom praise each other. Abuse is the idea in this country.

It is not the good you are willing to do, but the good you actually do, that counts.

Don't complain if the world doesn't suit you. The chances are that you don't suit the world, but it has to stand it.

When it's himself, a man says he has accepted a position; when it's about another man, he says he's found a job.

Man is considered the "stronger vessel" probably because he holds almost a gallon of mean whiskey.

MAN AND MEDICINE.

Not long ago there came through our town one of these here doggon travelling medicine quacks, and he got permission from the town drunkard or some other high authority to hold forth on the streets and sell his great wonder-worker.

It turned out to be another "cure for baldness." They are very plentiful, you know, and the only thing wrong with them is that they have never been known to do the work. But what has that got to do with it? The speiler needs the cash and the public like to be humbugged. So let the band play and joy be unconfined.

The hair doctor was fully wound up when he climbed up on his cracker box, and it looked like he was never going to run down. Yes he did, too—he ran down other people's hair restorers and praised his own. It was guaranteed to make a beautiful heavy coat of hair grow on a billard ball between breakfast and dinner by the town glutton's appetite. When he got it limbered up good, the salesman's tongue sounded like the exhaust from a twelve-cylinder automobile loaded with suffragettes and running away up hill. I never knew there was as many bald-headed people in the whole county as came crowding around there to get some of that medicine. And I had to get out a revised edition of my opinions as to the amount of money in circulation. The tax collector couldn't have got fifteen cents out of that crowd to save him from the Old Scratch. But that swindler raked it in so fast it would make your head swim.

It looked like bald heads and fat pocket-books were going to be out of fashion in our community right away if the medicine worked as well as it sold.

But all the time the swindler was selling his "hair-restorer" and taking in the cash, I noticed that he kept his hat on. Just to satisfy my own curiosity I slipped up behind him, grabbed his hat off and flung it about twenty steps into the crowd.

And there stood our hair-restorer man as bald as a turnip.

He looked at the crowd and the crowd looked at him, and it was nip and tuck which was chawed the wussest.

But he didn't sell any more hair-restorer that day.

Please give careful attention to the article about "COMFORT" on third page under the picture of Mrs. Pearson. You can't afford to ignore this very reasonable request from a sick woman whose life for many years has been one long agony of suffering. Please send her as many COMFORT subscriptions as you possibly can. Every one will help toward winning the Prize that she is working for, and the Prize is something that will brighten her life and help her toward getting well.

A RING-TAILED SNORTER.

If i was the editor of that paper that calls itself The Woman's Home Weekly, hang-taked if I wouldn't feel like crawling into a hollow log and never showing my head among decent people again. If that fellow ever had anything in the shape of a conscience, he has evidently dropped it in the barn lot and let the cows eat it.

In an issue of that paper which has just come to hand I notice a combination of advertisements that are an insult to both God and the devil, to say nothing of every inteligent reader.

First, there is a very modest advertisement of the Haines Liquor Cure headed in big letters, "Stop Whiskey." I have my doubts about there being much truth in the claims made for these alleged Liquor Cures, but if there is I wish them well. And so the printing of that ad is an insult to the devil, because its object is to weaken his business.

Then right in the very next column, on the same page and almost touching the other ad, is a great spread-eagle ad of a big Likker House where the reader can buy headache and delirium tremens at a dollar per quart. It is illustrated with bottles and jugs and headed, "Try This Whiskey at Our Risk." Which would be impossible. The poor fool that drinks it must do so at his own risk. He is the one who will get the headache and the jimmies.

And besides that one, I counted five other big likker ads in that same issue, totaling 35 inches of space given to nasty likker ads in one issue of a paper that claims to be a "woman's paper." Geewhiz, but they must think the wimmen are terrible drinkers. I was going to say that was an insult to the wimmen, but maybe it ain't. Maybe they do buy and drink the stuff, else how does such advertising pay in their paper?

But it certainly is an insult to God, and to every woman who is worthy of the same.

Some editors are like most folks—they are out for the Dollar, and they would just as soon peddle rot-gut for the devil as anything else so long as it brings in the cash. But that ain't the worst of it yet. If they would just pander to one side it wouldn't look so bad. But after advertising stuff to make drunkards, they have the nerve to turn right around and advertise something that claims to cure drunkenness. Trying to serve two masters at the same time and get a rake-off from both of them.

Such a person, be he an editor or what not, ought to be skinned with a dull knife and set up to his neck in a tub of brine.

In a Pennsylvania town recently a pretty typewriter girl was arrested for being too scantily dressed. Doggon! She must have been one of these-here "visible" typewriters.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

HE GOT IT MIXED.

The fish editor has received the following story from a lady who is a department editor on a Chicago daily. She vouches for its veracity:

"You must be on your good behavior this evening, George, for the minister is to take dinner with us," said a Milwaukee lady to her worser half as he got home from his office in the city last Thursday.

"What have you for dinner?" queried the husband.

"Well, I know he is fond of fish, so I bought quite a string of small river fish, and several larger ones from the dam."

"I'm not much at doing the honors when we have a minister at the table," said George "but I guess we can get through with it all right."

Half an hour later they were seated at the table, and a blessing had been asked by the minister. A little nervously the head of the family began dishing out the vegetables, and, turning to the guest, said:

"Will you have some of the little river fish, or would you prefer some of the dam big fish?"

The warning kick under the table from his wife was unnecessary. He knew he had blundered, and cold beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"I mean"—trying to repair the error—"will you have some of the dam river fish or some of the big fish?"

Worse and more of it! His daughter slyly pulled his coattail to bring him to his senses.

"That is, would you like some of the river fish or some of the other dam fish!"

The deep carnation spreading over the good lady's face didn't mend matters a bit, and with a gasp he plunged in once more:

"Ahem! which of the dam fish do you prefer anyway?"

Writing this "funny stuff" is a serious matter with me. The medicine it takes to make me smile is a big fat club of subscribers with a little blue money-order enclosed. Please tickle me.

ANOTHER SERMON ON MARRIAGE.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a purty good joke on some of them. But there ain't but mighty few folks who could sit down and give a good written opinion why on earth they happened to did it. There is very good evidence that it is one of them-thar natural accidents that must happen just as birds fly out of the nest as soon as they get feathers enough, without being able to tell why.

Some marry for beauty and never discover their mistake. Some marry for money and don't get it. Some marry for pedigree, and feel mighty stuck up over it for about a year, and then they diskiver that pedigree won't buy the baby a coat. Some marry bekaze they think wimmen will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out. Some marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game is one two can play at and neither win. Some marry for love, without any money or pedigree either, and they usually get along about the best of any.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it flavor. Everybody likes to fool with chances, bekaze everybody expects to win. But I am authorized to state that everybody don't win. But after all, married life is fully as certain as the dry goods business. No man can tell exactly where he will fetch up when he catches calico. No man can tell just what calico has a mind to do. Calico don't always know herself.

If anybody asks you why you got married, tell 'em you don't recollect.

A woman will tell you her age until she is 18 after which she doesn't consider it any of your business.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents
NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.

MRS. CORA PEARSON.

"COMFORT"

Dear Friends:

Some of you know me, and some of you don't. So I take the liberty to introduce myself to the readers of The Fool-Killer. I am the Editor's wife. The above picture of me was made about twelve years ago, before I got sick. For the past ten or eleven years I have been almost an invalid most of the time, and I have suffered more than words can tell. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any permanent good; but by careful dieting and strict attention to all the known laws of health, I have managed during the past few months to improve my condition a good deal.

I can't do any regular work yet, but I like to have some interesting and useful thing to work at and think about whenever I feel like it. So I have undertaken to become a club-raiser for "COMFORT," the well-known family magazine, my object being to compete for a valuable prize which is offered to the person who sends in the largest number of subscriptions by a certain date.

No doubt most of you are well acquainted with COMFORT, so it needs no introduction. If you are already takingg the magazine and expect to renew some time soon, please send your renewal to me. Or if you will get up a club and send to me I will appreciate it very much. I will handle your money and your names carefully and send them straight on to COMFORT. I won't get anything out of it except the advantage of having your names count on my list toward winning the prize.

Knowing that you are all good friends to my husband, the editor of The Fool-Killer, I thought you might be glad to do this little favor for his sick wife. If you will all help me just a little I can easily win the prize that I so much desire. Please help me win, dear friends. You are my only hope in this matter and I am depending on you.

The subscription rates of COMFORT are as follows:

One Year	25 cents.
Three Years	50 cents.
Six Years	$1.00

COMFORT is a large and interesting monthly home magazine, containing 36 or more big pages each issue. It is the best cheap magazine published. Every family ought to get it. Please send me your own subscription for as many years as you can, and if possible send me a big club of your friends. Remember you are doing this for a sick woman whose life will be made brighter and happier by your kind deed. Surely each and every friend of The Fool-Killer will be glad to do this much for me. Write all names and addresses very plainly and send remittance by postoffice or express money order, registered letter or check, and make all orders payable to::

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

HOME-MADE POETRY

by

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

BOOMER, N.C.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Some folks are always so afraid
That they'll get cheated in a trade,
They'll waste a dollar's worth of time
In figuring to save a dime.

While others, lest a bargain slip,
Will run and grab it the first clip,
To find, when they have got their wind,
That they've been very nicely skinned.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The editor's gone out to forage for news,
And now is the time to subscribe;
He needs a new coat and some breeches and shoes,
And now is the time to subscribe.
He's also in need of some butter and bread
To fill up the hole that he has in his head,
For even poor editors have to be fed,
And now is the time to subscribe.

The editor works when the reader's asleep,
And now is the time to subscribe;
And the trouble he has would make anyone weep,
And now is the time to subscribe.
He praises a man that he knows is a skunk,
And doesn't say a word when the deacon gets drunk,
And out of it all he gets nary a plunk,
And now is the time to subscribe.

He goes into debt for his paper and ink,
And now is the time to subscribe;
And he can't keep away from old poverty's brink,
And now is the time to subscribe.
He digs up for rations and rollers and rent
Till all of his poor little portion is spent,
And the durned advertiser won't pay him a cent,
And now is the time to subscribe.

A SERMON ON RAT-TRAPS.

The Public Health Service at Washington is making an official collection of rat-traps.

So says a news item.

All right.

It does me good to see our solemn statesmen taking an interest in rat-traps.

They already have on hand a collection of several hundred and sixteen varieties, ranging in appearance all the way from a McCormick reaper to a left-handed thimble.

And that reminds me.

I am the sole owner of a rat-trap that ought to be in the government's collection.

I bought it from an agent last week.

The agent was a very beautiful young man.

His smile stuck out three feet on each side of his face, and he also had his tongue with him.

This altogether charming young buck came staving into my think-atorium one morning last week, throwed "Howdy!" at me from the front steps, but I dodged and it broke out a back window.

Then he opened his sample-vase and began to run off at the mouth as follows:

"Hello, Mister Editor Man, doggon your old skin, I've just dropped in to sell you a rat-trap. Every well-ordered home needs a rat-trap, and I feel that I am doing humanity a great service by introducing this wonderful invention. Of course you are awful busy swatting the fools, but you can't afford to miss this opportunity of seeing my sample. It is certainly the greatest invention of the age. You see how the flabigator is built with a gollyding at each end, and when these gollydings come in slamification with the jiggerbob it causes the squeezemgood to open just under the meat-skin, and that forces the squeal-stick into the die-hole, and if the rat has sense enough to be in the right position it will sure get him.

"The construction of this trap is based on the new theory of science that all rats have a thorough knowledge of engineering and mechanics, coupled with the patience of Job and a stubborn determination to get killed. This, my dear sir, is what we call the Safety rat-trap. It won't work at all without the hearty co-operation of the rat. The surest way to get results is to have three rats work together, forming a sort of suicide club. One rat will say his prayers and crawl into the thing; a second rat will give the signal and a third rat will throw the trap. In this way a colony of rats could manage to exterminate themselves by working at it long enough. While this is the surest plan, I am also authorized to state that any rat possessing the intellect of Herbert Spencer or Thomas A. Edison, and being positively bent on suicide, could probably manage to get himself killed in one of these contrapshuns."

"What will you charge to confer this great blessing on me and my posterity?" I asked in breathless eagerness.

"Only one hundred dollars," he replied, very sweetly.

I grabbed my pen and wrote him a check for five hundred, and, thrusting it into his hands, I kissed him and very affectionately kicked him out into the road.

IN TOUGH LUCK.

A farmer writing to us, tells his "tale of woe" as follows:

"It's scarcely any wonder that lines are on my brow: its hard to make a living as things are goin' now; I plant nice potatoes and sit down to watch them grow, then comes a frost a wooping and lays the blame thing low. I plant some little seedlets to raise some succotash: my neighbor's hen came calling and knocked them all to smash. I had a pretty arbor in which to snooze and rest; a cow came in and climbed it and sent it galley west, I bought a dozen egglets (they cost so much I cried;) they hatched a lonely chicken—it went away and died. The insects ate the cabbage; the worms have nailed my corn; my sheep are wild and woolly; my cow has lost a horn; my pig has got the measles and squeals unseemly tunes; my geese are hunting water, and I am full of prunes.

MILKING A HAY-STACK.

Milwaukee, Wis., Special.—A Milwaukee company has been incorporated to place on the market a new substitute for milk, which in brief is to be milk prepared direct from hay without the intervention of a cow.

The new company is to operate under a chemical formula which permits of the transmutation of good timothy hay into ash and milk, without passing through the seven or so stomachs of a bovine critter and being converted by sundry processes into fluid for drinking.

The advantage it is said, is not only in simplifying the production, from which it does not differ in taste, but in the fact that the manner of its production makes it always sweet as it is free from the souring bacteria which have to be Pasteurized to preserve nature's milk.

Great caesar up a pumpkin vine!

What do you think of that, Rastus?

Now what will become of poor old Sook?

Bless her old bones, she did the best she could, but goggle-eyed Science has laid it across her at last.

She will now have to ramble off into the Southern swamps and live on bullrushes and South wind.

One by one we outgrow the old institutions of nature and shove them aside to make room for more improved machinery.

The horse was all right in his day and time, and even the meek-eyed mule was not to be grinned at, but they all had to skeedaddle when the steam locomotive and the gasoline chug-wagon came snorting along.

And the cow laughed at the old horse and said:

"O yes, old feller, they don't need you any more, but they never could get along without me. I am the chief corner-stone of the American home and the strong right arm of the butter trust."

And she winked at the bull through the fence-crack and went on licking her calf.

But that was in the past.

Things are different now.

Poor old Sook has learned by bitter experience that pride goeth before a fall. She must now be relegated to the curiosity department, along with the horse and the setting hen, and be remembered only as a creature that has had her day.

But while we drop a tear of sympathy for the departing glory of her cowship, we must not forget that her loss is our eternal gain.

Henceforth we will milk a hay-stack. And we can't deny that a hay-stack, as a milk-producer, has some decided advantages over an old cow. If you never milked a hay-stack it may seem a bit awkward at first, but you will soon get used to it.

Just to mention them off-hand, here are a few of the advantages I have in mind:

In the first place, a hay-stack will not require as much attention as an old cow. You won't have to stake it out to grass, and then watch it constantly for fear it will tangle up and break its fool neck. It won't get into the garden and eat up all the young beans just about the time you were hoping to get a mess for Sunday dinner. Any self-respecting hay-stack will have more manners than to drag its tail in the barn-yard filth and then slap it in your face while you are milking. And it won't flinder away and kick you plum through the fence and break down six rows of corn with you just because a fly bites it.

And—oh, happy thought!—if you adopt the new plan and milk a hay-stack instead of a cow, there will never be any more wobbly-legged calves to hold off and wean. That fact will tickle the small boy whose chief temptation to commit suicide and go to an easier world has been the dreaded arrival of a new calf.

Rejoice, O people, and be glad
You lived to see this day;
Go sell old Sooky right at once,
And buy a stack of hay.

MAN.

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes.

Sorrow and headache follow him all the days of his life.

He hoppeth from his bed in the morning and his foot is pierced by the tack of disappointment.

He sitteth himself down to rest at noonday, and is lacerated in his nether anatomy by the pin of disaster.

He walketh through the streets of the city in the pride and glory of his manhood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune and unjointeth his neck.

He is stung by the mosquitoes of annoyance by day and his frame is gnawed by the bedbugs of affliction at night.

What is man but the blind worm of fate?—seeing that his days are numbered by cycles of pain and his years by seasons of mourning.

In his infancy he runneth over with worms and colic, and in his old age he groaneth with rheumatism and ingrowing toe-nails.

He marrieth a cross-eyed woman because her father hath a bank account, and findeth she is ridden with hysteria and believed in witches.

He exalteth himself among the people and swelleth with pride, but when the votes are counted he findeth that he was not in it.

He trusteth in a man who claimeth to be filled with righteousness and standeth high in the synagogue, and gets done up.

For behold his pious friends are full of guile and runneth over with deception.

From the cradle to the grave man giveth his alms to him that smiteth him.

His seed multiplieth around him and crieth for bread, and if his sons come to honor he knoweth it not.

What is man but a painful wart on the heel of time.

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1917. | NUMBER 9

PLEASE RENEW.

If this paragraph is marked it means your subscription has expired, and unless you have recently sent in your renewal or do so right away, you will not get any more Fool-Killers. I don't like to cut off anybody's name, so please keep your subscription paid up and send in as many of your friends as you can.

"International Law!" Scat!

Suppose Woodpile Wilson was backed up in a corner fighting for his life (just like Germany is) and there was only one weapon he could use, do you suppose he would hesitate to use it? Not much he wouldn't. And Woodpile wouldn't care a cuss whether it was in violation of "international law" or not, either.

All this talk about "international law" amuses me, anyhow. Is anybody fool enough to think that any mere 'law" written out on paper in times of peace can hold blood-thirsty nations in check during times like these? Law is only expected to operate during peace, and when law and peace break down, then we have war. If law was strong enough to control nations during war it could prevent the coming of war. But it isn't strong enough, I am sorry to say. And so when law loses its grip on the tail of the world it might as well retire to a safe distance and keep its mouth shut.

Pot and Kettle.

There is an old proverb much heard nowadays, according to the New York Independent, which we never could see the sense of. "The pot can't call the kettle black." Why not, we should like to know? The kettle IS black, and it ought to be called black. Who has a better right to speak with confidence about the faults of the kettle than the pot, which has for years hung on the same crane and inhaled the same smoke? Truthfulness is a virtue, if smuttiness is a vice. If there is anything that would make the pot seem less smutty in our eyes it is giving us a clear reflection of the image of the kettle. Shall no one point out blackness anywhere unless he knows himself to be speckless? Would the pot rise in our estimation if it followed the custom of its critics and said, "The kettle is white—as white as I am?"

The Fool-Killer is a double-geared, selfacting buzz saw with teeth all over itself. It can rip off more hog-hide from the carcass of the floundering fool in thirty minutes than will grow back in thirty years.

NOW HE'S DONE IT.

Well, by grannies, our great Woodenroller has done gone and did it, just like I expected. Just to please a few confounded pot-gutted millionaires, he has flindered away with his gold-plated "patriotism" and pitched us head foremost into the great ocean of blood that is engulfing the world. We are now virtually at war with Germany—and what for? Why, durn it, because the steel trust and the powder trust and a few other big greedy combines of tainted wealth have demanded it. This great hellabaloo of a fuss with Germany wasn't started by the common people of this country, you can bet your dear life on that. And their wishes were not once considered in the matter, either. But when the fighting and the paying have to be done, then Mister Common Man will be considered, all right. He will be invited right up to the front and given the honor of filling the first bloody trench with his riddled carcass.

Oh, but "we" must "protect our rights," you know.

Durn "our rights!"

Who are "we?"

And what do "our rights" consist of, anyhow?

Huh? What a loud silence I hear!

Confound it, fellers, ain't you got sense enough to know that when our big slick-tongued political bosses and our pot-gutted millionaire "patriots" begin to run off at the mouth about "our rights" they mean the license which we durned fools give them to skin us alive and make us pay for it?

I may have some "rights" out there on the ocean or over in the war zone, but if anybody wants them particular "rights" of mine bad enough to go after them, durn my skin if he ain't welcome to 'em.

It is a blame-taked poor come-off that the country has to be dragged into a nasty war and millions of people killed just to satisfy the greed of a few heartless speculators, money-sharks and profiteers.

And we all know that's what it amounts to.

We all know there is no other question involved except the question of giving our money-lords free rein and making the government back them up in their devilment. They must be "protected" in their criminal game of robbing their own people to feed a foreign war.

But we who have to bear the burden of it all—how much "protection" do we get? Have you heard any talk of a war being started to protect the poor man and his rights? No, you ain't, you blamed idiot, and that ain't the worst of it—you never will, either. The "rights" of such fellows as you and me are so little and so few that our glorious government don't consider them worth "protecting."

Throw up your hat and yell hooray for the "rights" of somebody else when you have no rights yourself! That's the good old stuff they call "Pay-try-it-ism." Ain't you just about tickled plum to death because you are now going to be given the glorious privilege of having your innards ripped out and your juicy hams fed to the sharks in defense of Rockefeller and Morgan and Du Pont and all their gang of "patriotic" hell-raisers?

Ain't it a devil of a sweet mess? Now ain't it?

UNCLE SAM'S PET BEAR.

Did you ever hear tell of the feller who raised a pet bear? Well it's mighty all-powerful interesting just now if you've got sense enough to apply the lesson, and so I'll tell you about it.

The feller captured his bear, of course, when it was just a little harmless baby bear. It couldn't hurt him then, and he wasn't afraid of it.

But the years passed. The man gave his pet bear plenty to eat and it grew rapidly. Still he considered it the same little pet bear and was not afraid of it. He couldn't realize that it had gradually grown to be a big dangerous bear.

And so one day when the man was playing with his pet bear as usual and not thinking of any danger, the bear just jumped on him and ate him up blood-raw, as the poet says.

That was the last of the man, but the bear may be living yet, for all I know.

Do you see the pint, mister? The European war was the pet bear, and these Benited States are the man that fed it. We even took the bread out of our own mouths to feed that nice little war. Awful cute little cuss, don't ye know, and we hated to see the poor thing starve. And so we fed it. And it grew and prospered.

And now what?

Well, it has jumped on us and threatens to eat us up.

We are now going to reap our reward for feeding a pet bear.

There are a good many more or less all-seeing eyes on earth, and some of them are accompanied by all-wagging tongues.

Chips From The Battle-Axe.

I never could understand how it was that a man could chew and smack on a nasty old piece of tobacco he had stolen from the flea bugs and horn worms until I saw a lot of buzzards fighting over an old dead mule. Every one to his taste as the old woman said when she kissed the calf.

Billy Sunday has just closed a "revival" in Boston in which he had 60,000 hit the trail—for the Lord knows where to—and Billy pulled in $51,000 of the royal coin. What a pity Jesus Christ didn't know how like Billy! Poor old Judas never would have been tempted to sell him for $15.00.

Say, Mister, who gave you the right to live a nasty, slimy, slummy, doggish life, and then stick your little simlin of a head into the air like you had corn to sell and strut around like a thoroughbred gentleman, while women that are just as good as you have to be "segregated" from decent people?

Is it not an inspiring scene, and one calculated to make the heathen part of the world fall down and worship the meek and lowly Christ, to see all the "Christians" of the world at each other's throats like mad-dogs, fighting like devils and dying like fools, in a war inspired by greed and carried on by wicked rulers for the benefit of a few millionaire grafters and for the glory of His Satanic Majesty?

It may be all right and proper to stand for our "rights" to travel on the "high seas," but it seems to me that something of far more importance is the "right" of honest working people to secure sufficient "stomach timber" to navigate here on land. American robbers are committing greater crimes against the rights of the American people than the European murderers are.

Yes, it's mighty easy to get into a fight, but sometimes it turns out like it did with Dave S———. An old faishioned free-for-all fight was going on at a country grocery, and Dave in exercising his rights got within the danger zone, and with an oath asked, "Is this a FREE fight?" "Yes," said the fighters. "Count me in, then" said Dave. About that time a blow right between the eyes stretched Dave out full length on the ground. "Count me OUT," said Dave, as he scrambled to his feet and hustled out of the war zone.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . Editor
Boomer, . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, mussle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, Ed. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 9th day of October, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

PARAGRAPHS.

And what will Villa be doing while we are whipping Germany?

A man's religion is the true sort if he uses it in his business.

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age.

Life should be considered a measure to be filled, and not a cup to be drained.

The Stars and Stripes and the cost of living have been raised in the Danish West Indies.

The stone that keeps rolling not only gathers no moss, but loses all it ever did have.

The rich get what the poor produce—everything. And the poor get what the rich produce—nothing.

I see that the Russians have crossed the River Aa. And I can't help wondering where that can Bb.

The man who can be trusted to do right when nobody is looking at him is the right kind of a citizen.

When they get the ocean bed filled up level full with sunken ships, reckon what will become of all the water?

By exposing one nigger with sufficient publicity you can conceal six others in the same woodpile.

After all the cussing that Brayn has received—and part of it has been done by The Fool-Killer—he is the level-headest Democrat in America today.

It has cost this country $200,000,000 to try to get Villa—and fail. What will it cost to whip Germany? Don't all answer at once.

In the past three years Woodpile has been twice defeated by Mexico, and now he is fool enough to tackle Germany. Don't that beat the devil?

Our big threats against Germany will be more likely to "get Villa" than our expensive hunt for him did. If he don't laugh himself to death it will be a wonder.

Marie hit upon a problem the other day more perplexing than George II's apple dumpling. She peeped in between the uncut leaves of a magazine and said: "'Mother, how did they ever get the printing in there?"

The thing that puzzles me so bad is this: Why does our government go into such wild tantrums about defending "our" rights on the high seas and in foreign lands, while it never lifts a finger to help its poor right here at home?

This new revolution in Mexico is the first one in nearly a week. They must be getting awfully civilized down there.

A printer gives the folowing toast: "Woman—the fairest of Nature's work. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy.."

Woodpile demands that Europe shall have "peace between equals," but it seems that Germany is not yet convinced that she has any equals.

The men go to church to please the women; the women go to church to please the preacher; and I reckon at least a few of the preachers go to church to please the Lord.

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as a comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.

If the war would only kill out the confounded blood-thirsty jingoes and stop at that, I would say let it come—the sooner the better. But the pity of it is that they are the very cusses who will escape while the good people have to suffer.

The fellow who wanted a law passed to dry up the ocean so as to stop submarine warfare was at least hitting right at the seat of the trouble. But if they keep on sinking ships awhile longer at the present rate they will have the ocean so full that the submarines can't operate nohow.

Here is the kind of an obituary a Tennessee editor recently gave a delinquent; "Crook Floods died last night, owing this paper for ten years' subscription. It is reported that he said just before he pegged out that he felt like he was floating upward. No doubt of it. Crook has got so low down that he has to slide up hill to get into perdition."

ACCEPTED IT AS EVIDENCE.

The following good one is told at the expense of a prominent Fargo divine who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning the minister read on the bottom of the page, "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—turning the Page—"140 cubits long. 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out."

He was naturally puzzled at this; he read it again, verified it and then said: "My friends this is the first time I ever saw this in the bible but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Thoughts From The Thinkograph.

Never mind the ancestors; look out for the descendants.

Sooner or later the powder mill blows up. Look out for yours.

It is a wonder how a flea keeps still long enough to raise a family.

Hot times cost cold cash, and are not worth it.

Don't spurn half a loaf because it is not whole.

Making hay while the sun shines is more'n 8 hours.

Lead horses do mighty little pulling.

Gratitude is harder to find than Villa.

The best down-hill puller is booze.

Modern conveniences are sometimes nuisances.

Bull beef with a French name is still tough.

Make an occasional enemy, or cut no ice.

Adam didn't have to pay fifty cents for pressing pants.

The mule is useful, but he simply cannot sing.

A pup has more curiosity than an old dog.

Distress signals are not for continuous use.

Love and submarines know no law.

It takes a certain amount of genius to put up a successful bluff.

A smile is just like putting money out at interest.

In looking for opportunity, do not dodge good hard work.

Do something other than second the motion.

Those who seek adventure are often looking for trouble, and generally find it.

Worry is harder work than sure enough work.

Don't get up early in order to do nothing.

Fiction is in demand, because the truth hurts.

Conscience is the alarm clock of our minds, but it is not always wound up.

When a woman dresses to make the men look, she is mad if they do and mad if they don't.

Fine language is not necessary if you have something to say that is worth hearing.

Girls, a husband who is a good provider is better than one who dances all the latest bunny-hugs.

A woman can get most any verdict she wants from a jury if she only cries wet enough.

Work hard and deny yourself while you are young, so that when you are old you may have things you cannot enjoy.

Mexico is noted for raising coffee, tobacco and trouble.

An eminent physician says tapeworm will cure tuberculosis, but does not say what will cure tapeworm.

Our present day social aristocracy has cut Christ out of its creed, because He was born in a stable and had no money.

But Who Will Man the Guns?

In case the United States goes to war, it will be no trouble to get the money; the Master of Finance will be glad to furnish Uncle Sam all he wants—AT INTEREST.

There would be no doubt about the supply of munitions; the Captains of Industry will gladly look after that part of the game—FOR PROFITS.

The stock of patriotism will be abundant; the Politicians will furnish that—FOR A SALARY.

It will be easy to keep the people "informed" and fooled, or to circulate lies on the enemy; the Editors will see to that—TO SELL PAPERS.

It will be easy to get prayers offered for victory for our army and destruction on the enemy; the Preachers would do that—AT SO MUCH A PRAYER.

There will be no lack of medical attention; the Doctors will see to that—FOR A FAT FEE and a guarantee that they will not be shot by either side.

But remember, none of these classes are going to do the shooting and the cutting, the killing and the dying; the poor boys have got to do that—FOR NOTHING.

Poor mothers have got to furnish as killers and "cannon fodder" their own sons whom they have suffered torture and poverty to bear and raise. They are the people who have got to do the sacrificing for "their country"(?) in a war for the benefit and protection of the rich.—The Battle-Axe.

The End of the Chase.

The thousands of men that were sent to catch old Villa some months ago are gradually being brought home and mustered out of the service.

Have they caught Villa?

Not much.

Fact is he seems to be "looser" than ever.

He has been several times reported killed, once by a doctor at that, but each time he has "resurrected," seemingly more alive than ever.

Why are the soldiers coming away without catching Villa?

Honestly, I don't think it was ever intended to kill or capture that gentleman.

I believe the whole Mexican show, Villa's rade on Columbus included, was part of the program of the Jingoes to fool the people of this country until they would be scared so they'd swallow the biggest "preparedness pill" ever given to any nation in time of peace.

And now they have swallowed the "pill" without vomiting, with a "conscription powder" to make the pill operate, so the soldiers can be withdrawn until the gentlemen who own this country get ready to have a sure-enough war for their own financial benefit.—The aBttle-Axe.

Most of the talk about the dignity of labor is made by the fellow seeking a political job to which there is no labor attached.

OLIVER Typewriter

And Several Other Prizes

Given Away

The Fool-Killer Announces Its First Great Subscription Contest!

As announced in the January issue, The Fool-Killer is now conducting a Subscription Contest in which it proposes to give away several valuable Prizes to those who send in the most subscriptions to this paper during the period from Feb. 1st to July 31st, inclusive.

The list of Prizes is as follows:

1st Prize—A No. 3 Oliver Typewriter, Factory Rebuilt, worth $30.00. Everybody needs a Typewriter, and there is none better than the Oliver.

2nd Prize—A 20-year Guaranteed Gold Filled Watch, Elgin or Waltham movement.

3rd Prize—A Model) Silvertone Phonograph.

4th Prize—A No. 3 Kewpie Kamera which uses regular roll film and makes a picture 3¼ by 4¼ inches.

This is a free-for-all Contest

It is open to all alike, and the best hustler will win.

The Contest will close at midnight on Tuesday, July 31, 1917, and the four contestants who have sent in the four largest lists of subscriptions to The Fool-Killer, at 15 cents a year each, will get the prizes in the order mentioned above.

Foreign subscriptions cannot be counted. All subs must live in the United States.

The field is open. Walk right in and win. Address:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N.C.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

His Quarterly Report.

A new postoffice has lately been established up in the mountains a few miles from Boomer, and Mr. Tobe Jenkins got the appointment as postmaster. Being informed by the Postoffice Department that one of his duties as postmaster was to submit a quarterly report, the new official got down to business and sent in the following:

happy top n c
dec 30eth, 9teen & 6steen.

mister woodenroller wilson,
president of the benited states
of ameriky

dear sur

bein required by the instruckshuns of the post office department to report quartly, I now fulfill that pleasin duty by reportin as follers. we hav had a good deel of rain in this community here or late and the rodes air simply awful. the fellers what haul cross-ties and tan bark cant take moren half a load, ruffness is gittin nighty skace in these parts and I dont kno how the farmers are goin to feed their stock till grass comes. Muny is purty skace too in spite of all your prosperity an everything is high except the morals of the community. the helth of the people is only tolerable, meesles and chicken pox hav broke out about two miles from here. A big meetin has been goin on at Hallyloo Holler for the past week and many old hardened sinners have had another coat of witewash put on their characters. miss nancy smith, a neer nabor, had twins day before yesterday, one of them is a pore scrawny thing and wont live half its days. miss sally seedtick got a postal kyard from that no-account ben bowlegs tuther day. he said he was comin to see her next sunday. well this is all I have to report this time. Give my regards to edith.

Yores truly,
Tobe Jenkins, P. M.

A lady who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog, very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions, among others, "Where did you find my dear darling?" "Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

2,500,000 acres, Oregon and California Railroad Grant Lands in Western Oregon, have by an act of Congress been redeemed and restored into the Public Domain, and will be opened for Homesteads as classified. For reliable general descriptive information giving correct numbers of locations, Send $1.00 to Louis H. Bergold, Riddle, Oregon.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.

None For the Cow.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post office.

"Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new postmaster looked him up and down.

"Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.

The postmaster turned aside. "I don't understand," he said stiffly.

"Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand English? I asked if you had a letter for Mike Howe."

"Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I got a letter for anybody else's cow! Get out!"

Somewhat Cold.

Charles W. Barnard, a New English salesman, known to his friends as "Windy," tells a story of its being cold in Wells River. Once when he was there it was so cold that as soon as he spoke a word it was frozen and dropped to the floor of his room. In the middle of the night it grew warmer and he was awakened by someone talking. The sound seemed to come from the floor. He got up, lit the light and found that the frozen words were melting and returning the conversation that he had the evening before.

She Had But Two.

In the absence of his wife and the illness of the servant, Mr. Taylor undertook to help three-year-old Marjory to dress.

He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the armholes of her garments and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself and he would button them.

He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why, Marjory," he said, impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Dey's all de foots I dot, papa," replied Marjory, tearfully.

"Took It" Literally.

Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked him for medical advice.

"Take a tonic, and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit $18 and answered it thus:

"Dear doctor, I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats it giver.

A Flock of Birds.

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robbins, her second Sparrow, and the present one Quale. There are now two young Robbins, one Sparrow and three Quales in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk Avenue, Eagleville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a relatives of the family.

Willing to Oblige.

Lady (sitting for portrait)—Please make my mouth small. I know it is large, but I wish it to appear quite tiny.

Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer, I will leave it out altogether.

General John B. Gordon used to tell a story illustrating the seriousness, or rather the lack of seriousness, with which Confederate money was taken. He says that one day during a temporary cessation of hostilities between the opposing forces a tall, strapping Yankee rode into the Confederate camp on a sorry-looking old horse to effect a trade for some tobacco.

"Hullo, Yank!" hailed one of a number of Confederate soldiers lolling about on the grass in front of a tent," that's a right smart horse you all got there."

"Think so?" returned the Yank.

"Yes; what will you take for him?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I give you seven thousand dollars for him," bantered the Confederate.

"You go to blazes?" indignantly returned the Yank; "I've just paid ten thousand dollars of your money to have him curried."

PART OF THE PIG.

I heard of a man who was on trial, charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was very strong and all went to prove the man guilty of stealing the pig. The man's lawyer was hopeless, but the man was confident. The case was finished, and the jury retired, returning in a few minutes with a verdict of "NOT GUILTY." The man asked his lawyer how much he charged for his services. "Well, sir," said the lawyer; "if you will answer me one question I will not charge you anything." "What is your question?" said the man. "Why," said the lawyer, "I want to know how that jury ever cleared you in the face of such evidence as that." "That's easy," said the man; "eleven of that jury ate part of the pig."

A Methodist preacher was asked by one of his members what he thought of the tobacco business. "Why, it is all wrong; tobacco is an awful curse," said the preacher. "Then why don't you preach against it?" asked the questioner. "Well, brother," said the preacher, "I get most of my support from men who are in the tobacco business, and I don't feel like condemning it." He was "eating part of the pig." See?—The Battle-Axe.

CARNEGIE'S HEAVEN.

Your Uncle Andy Carnegie balanced himself on one end before a crowd of mutton-heads the other day and went through the motions of making a speech.

Among other wise sayings which old Andy pumped through the gash in his face was something like this:

"Gentlemen, this world is like heaven to me. If it were possible to prolong life here indefinitely, you might name your own terms, and I would not haggle over the price."

Yes, confound his old pampered hide, I reckon it might seem a little more like heaven to some of the rest of us if we had as much money as he's got to buy a big time with. Just look at his nerve! He would take his stolen money—that ought to buy other folks a little smell of heaven here in this life—and just hog up the entire supply of bliss for himself. Was ever such pinch-gutted selfishness heard of before? It's a fortunate thing for the rest of us that the outlawry of the millionaires is limited to a brief span of years.

Most anybody could sit back in a gilded palace and talk about this world being a "heaven." But you put old Andy down in one of his own steel mills, or some of the other mills of Mammon, and let him toil and sweat for ten hours a day on starvation wages, and finally get an arm or leg torn off in the roaring machinery. Then lay him off to starve or go to the poor house, and see if he tunes up his mealy mouth and says "heaven" ary time.

It's been a long time since Andy worked for three dollars a week and slept on the floor, and he's forgot how it felt.

Oh, yes, this world is a pretty bang-up sort of a joint for the feller who can manage to bulldose the rest of humanity and take what they work for. Ease and opulence very naturally make a feller optimistic and satisfied with life. It's no wonder that such a man would want to settle down and stay here forever. He can afford to, because he's got everything coming his own way.

But while one man is building for himself such a millionaire's heaven as Carnegie is now enjoying, he creates a miserable hell on earth for thousands of his fellow creatures. And if he had any human feeling about him he couldn't enjoy his "heaven" for thinking of the misery it had cost others.

But Andy and his sort are not bothered with any such feelings. They are so hardened in sin that conscience no longer speaks, and if it spoke it would not be heard.

Go ahead, Andy, and enjoy your "heaven" here in this life, for I'm mighty 'fraid it's the only one you'll ever have.

Coffee and breakfast food demonstrators bank a good deal on the fact that most anything tastes good with plenty of sugar and cream on it.

SAW-CIETY.

One of the most foolish, ridiculous, absurd, nonsensical things in this country of jokes is the little bunch of well-to-do loafers in the land that is called "Society," or as Sam Jones used to call it "Saw-ciety." It is composed of the few folks who can live without work, and who look upon work as being a disgrace. They are the swells, if you please, that like leeches are living off of the labor of others but who are too good to do anything that could possibly be of any use.

Up in Washington recently the name of a prominent nurse was presented for membership in one of the "Saw-ciety Clubs," and it raised a row in the leeches' camp. Why, the idea of letting a woman who did any kind of work join this club of swell loafers! Horrible! Why she would defile the whole club of sweet-scented swells.

And it isn't only in Washington's society clubs that people who work are ruled out from "High Sawciety." Even in any little one-horse town of only a few thousand inhabitants there are usually a few half-strain swells that stick up their little empty knots high in the air and strut like peacocks and will not associate with ordinary mortals. It is really laughable to see how quick they will drop one of their crowd if they defile themselves by going to work.

But the most sickening sight of all is to see these saw-ciety people assemble in a stained-glass window steeple house which they have paid for out of the hard earnings of the poor, and there claim to "worship" the lowly and despised Nazarene who said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

The idea of these proud, money-loving, pleasure-seeking loafers, that live by oppressing the poor, pretending to "worship" Jesus!

I once heard of a good old man who presented himself for membership at one of these kid-glove churches. He was put off for the time and told to pray God about it. The good man was hurt, but he went his way to talk to Jesus about it. The next Sunday he was at the church again, and the pastor asked him if he had asked Jesus about joining the church. "Yes," replied the man. "What did He say?" asked the pastor. "Oh," said the man, "He said not to be discouraged because it was so hard for me to join this church, for He had been trying to join it for 15 years and hadn't succeeded yet."—The Battle-Axe.

Look-y here! What does this mean about so many of my subscribers not getting their paper regularly? Is there a plot among the postmasters to destroy it? If so, somebody will hear from somebody purty doggon soon.

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE

VOLUME 7 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1917. | NUMBER 10

Why Not?

If a female duke is a duchess,
Would a female spook be a spuchess?
And if a male goose is a ganser,
Then would a male moose be a mander?

If the plural of child is children,
Would the plural of wild be wildren?
If a number of cows are cattle,
Would a number of tows be battle?

If a man who makes plays is a playwright,
Would a man who makes hay be a haywright?
If a person who fails is a failure,
Would a person who quails be a quailure?

If the apple you bite is bitten,
Would the battle you fight be fitten?
And if a young cat is a kitten,
Then would a young rat be a ritten?

If a person who spends is a spendthrift,
Would a person who lends be a lendthrift?
If drinking too much makes a drunkard,
Would thinking too much make a thunkard?

Who Are the Traitors?

And old Alton B. Parker had to stick his drotted lip into it! The idea of such an up-start as that calling William Jennings Bryan a "traitor" and a "Benedict Arnold!" Why, even the dirt under Bill Bryan's toe-nails contains more real patriotism than a cow-pen full of such corporation lick-spittles as old Parker.

If the blood-thirsty war-jingoes want to make Bryan the greatest popular hero in this country, just let them keep on with their "traitor" and Benedict Arnold" stuff. In past years The Fool-Killer has criticized Bryan more or less, but now when it comes to a choice between him and the blood-craving war gang, this paper is going to stick to the Great Commoner. And there are many millions of common people in this country who will think more of Bryan because of this dirty attack on him.

If a man has to be called a traitor for following his honest convictions and doing his level best to keep his country out of a needless war that the self-constituted "patriots for plunder" are trying to push it into, then I say, God give us more like him! Hurrah for Bryan!

People starving at home, and belly-timber still going to Europe by the ship-load. Again let me ask: What country is Woodpile Wilson supposed to be president of, anyhow? Judging by the interest he takes in feeding Europe while he lets this country starve, what do you think about it?

King Tut is on the throne.

ADAM'S RIB.

"And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," etc., etc., etc. So that was the way of it! Well, we won't quarrel with the ways and means, nor the whenceness of the where. Inspiration is silent as to the kind of anaesthetic used to quiet the kicks of Uncle Adam. It is enough for us to know that a quietus of sufficient magnitude was brought about while Jehovah removed the cutlet from his side, and, in the language of the poet, "fashioned a rib into a beautiful and lovely bride."

And I say unto you that considering the raw material and the expenditure, the finished product surpasses anything yet evolved. When we contemplate what a confection and invention and piece of perfection is woman, we unhesitatingly pronounce this rib-product far beyond even Edison's latest. I would still maintain this opinion if it had taken forty-seven ribs, half the back-bone, all the eye-teeth and ten toes of Uncle Adam.

For verily, she maketh life interesting. If it was not for this rib-product there'd be nobody to work for, nobody to dress up for, nobody to love, nobody to hug, nobody to kiss, for it would be a spectacle to make angels weep to see one man kissing another! There'd be nobody to break our hearts, or mend them after some other she had broke 'em. Nobody to blame with our short-comings and long goings—in short, this life would be a flat, stale, unprofitable mell of a hess.

Let us be duly thankful that Adam's rib was changed by a miraculous transubstantiation involving the elmination of the rib and the miraculous creation of the woman, into something that is at once deliciously mysterious and mysteriously delicious — man's best friend, his worst enemy, his monitor, servant, and worshipped idol.

About two hundred sub hustlers have already joined the Great Contest, and others are coming in every day. Come along, get an early start, and help enjoy the fun.

If some uncivilized ruffin "insults" you, and you pull your gun and shoot him the government yanks you up and sends you to the electric chair before you can say scat. But just let the government get its fur rubbed the wrong way a little and it pulls its gun and commits the same crime that it punishes you for. Don't you suppose God has a big electric chair ready for these wicked governments of earth?

A SERMON ON SHOES.

Some consarned, contemptible critter has smeared a lot of Lord-what-shall-we-do-now stuff over the front page of an exchange telling us that owing to the war and the scarcity of hides, etc., we'll all be bare-footed as geese in a few months, and, lo! the price of a pair of shoes will be around $30,00, or maybe more.

One of my neighbors, a long-gammoned, easy-going cuss, came to me for comfort in his despair over the shoe question. I told him shoes could be made of satin, velvet, canvas or broadcloth, and soled with "Neolin," the new substitute for leather.

But he wants leather shoes.

That's the way with the fool poor folks. Always wanting something. Some of them have even dared assert that we ought to have decent food, warm clothes, and even a little happiness. And all this when we know the earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the long-eared, pie-faced plutes!

We're a resourceful people, and if hide fails we will no doubt be able to make shoes out of old hats and such. Of course in summer we can all go bare-footed with our paddles unfettered and free in the style of primitive man, and feel a thrill of pride that we are able to imitate our ancestors. No doubt we'll feel the red-hot thrills of burrs, nettles, barbs, briers, broken bottles, etc., but we must be thankful that we still have feet. It's a wonder they don't amputate the feet of the poor and stew them into gelatine, glue, calf's-foot jelly or something, anyhow.

Why, good lands of gangrenous grouches, we can substitute some old thing for shoes! During the Uncivil War, when the calomel and jalap and blue mass pills gave out and not a dose could be found for love nor money, our grand-dads and grand-mams boiled walnut roots, thickened the resultant horrible liquid, made it into pills, and produced a brand of belly-ache that was seldom equalled and never out-done, even by calomel. The way that stuff tore up a-body's innards was a caution to the cats! Some claimed to derive great benefit from its use. In those days medicine that didn't almost kick the human machine to pieces was not tolerated or believed in.

But where was I at?

Oh, yes, shoes!

We respectfully ask our grannies to suggest some "substitoot" for leather. I'll bet they can find one, by gum! And right here I'd like to tip them off to the marvarnished actuality that the hides of the plutes, suitably tanned, would make good leather. Also the hide of the brindle jass-ack (two-limbed variety) is almost equal to cow-hide.

Shoes? God save the mark! Let's not worry over such trifles as shoes!

The Fool-Killer office owns three Oliver typewriters and is thinking of buying another one or two—besides the one that is going to be given away. They are great value, especially when you can get them given to you.

AMERCIA'S ENEMIES.

Look here, by cracky! Speaking of America's enemies, how does this look to your glass eye? In the same issue of the same paper appeared the following two news items from New York:

First news item—

"A bread riot! Several hundred women, many of them with babies in their arms, storming the city hall, crying give us bread! We are starving! Give us bread!"

Second news item—

"Four hundred and eighty tons of food stuff emptied into the sea! The food was good when it left the farmers, but was held for better sale till it spoiled and was condemned by the health department."

Now, mister, if you can find anything to head that, let's see you trot it out. The idea of the fetch-taked food speculators holding the belly-timber in their storehouses and demanding three prices for it, while women and children unable to pay such prices were starving all around them. And after all the crimes they committed trying to make a big profit on the stuff, they finally had to lose it all. Wouldn't it have been a thunderation sight better to sell it reasonably and let the poor hungry people live?

America's enemies? Holy smoke! The sneakingest German submarine that ever nosed its way through salt water is a white-winged angel compared to some of the brass-bellied speculator sharks that operate unmolested right here among us. If Uncle Sam wants to bite something, why in the blistering blazes don't he try his tushes on something nearer home than Germany?

President Wilson congratulated the campaign managers upon the grand victory for the people. If Mr. Hughes had won, he would have done the same thing. It is gratifying to know that which ever way an election goes it is a grand victory for the people. They simply can't lose.

Samples free to sub hustlers. Are you one?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . Editor
Boomer, . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, Editor and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 9th day of October, 1916.

J. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1921.

PARAGRAPHS.

Gall is mighty poor stuffin' to try to fill a vacuum with.

And it turned out that his name was Mr. Durnstuff, after all.

I don't expect to be believed, but really I saw a beefstake once.

If the war ever ends, some of the kings will be out of the deck.

And yet some fools have not learned the difference between food and eats!

Wonder if "I and my four sons" have fit, bled and died any yet?

A wise man don't need advice, and a fool won't take it, nohow. So what's the use?

I know just as well as anything that you are the very buddy who is going to win that typewriter. I can feel it in my bones—can't you.

General Debility must be an awful sufferer, judging by the way the patent medicines are recommended to cure him.

Too bad General "Poor Thing" didn't get to do any plain and fancy murdering worth mentioning while in Mexico.

Napoleon says it is best to listen to a woman's "unreason in silence." How about a man's unreason, Boney, old top?

It looks like the war is soon going to be narrowed down to a battle of 'taters. Whichever side can get the most 'taters will win.

A typewriter, a gold watch, a talking machine and a kodak, given for just a few hours work. Think of it! And after you get done thinking, go to work and win.

Woodpile's inauguration shoes are said to have cost $25.00. Say, Woody, won't you send us your old ones?

Germany demands that American ship-owners paint their vessels like a barber-pole. Which is probably meant to suggest a close shave.

So far no one has dared to allude to Spring and freshness, and greenness, and bursting buds, and O Lord, don't it sound like the stuff you always hear nowadays?

The ruler of Germany seems to think that God is a German. And maybe that's why He can't look after the fools in the U. S. A. just now.

If Abe Lincoln was alive today he'd be as mad as a wet hen about having his name connected with such a pimp as the "Rev." John Wesley Hill.

Won't somebody please suggest a name for Uncle Sam's latest purchase of niggers? He is about to have a duck-fit over what he must call the dear little black rascals.

Say, you one-gallus Rube, have them old mean Germans sunk ary one of YOUR ships yet? If not, what in the mischief have you got your back up about? Let's you and me just not go to fight Germany till she sinks some of OUR ships. What says ye?

A few Ways to Help The Fool-Killer.

1. Cuss it.
2. Brag on it.
3. Borrow your neighbor's copy and read it.
4. Send in your subscription to-day and get a paper of your own each month.
5. Get up a club of five or more at 15 cents each and help The Fool-Killer and your neighbors, too.

Help The Fool-Killer any way you please, but DO do SOMETHING!

Thoughts From the Thinkograph

If you live in a glass house, pull the blinds.

Don't be too chesty. Caesar and Napoleon both got theirs.

The ultimate consumer will now have to consume a little less.

Life is pretty much of a crazy-quilt, and in time we all hit the rag-bag.

Do not do things by halves. If it is right, do it with might; if it is wrong, cut it out.

You might as well be good. The fun of being wicked is greatly exaggerated.

Ah, well, maybe we will all get some praise when our obituaries are written.

Flattery and praise are about the only conversational ingredients of which the demand exceeds the supply.

The calves seem to be getting through the winter all right, considering the shortness of the skirts.

An agricultural exchange says hens need to be amused. One would think that the present price of eggs would tickle them most to death.

Notwithstanding the Colonel's political and other strenuosity, teddy bears are not selling near as well as they did some years ago.

There are 200 different brands of religion on the market to-day, and still the world is at war. This, however, is not religion's fault, but man's cussedness.

Fashion has moved the waist line up a notch and decreed that sleeves shall not be worn short enough this winter to show the vaccination mark.

It is probably unjust to say that the politicians steal more than half the money collected as taxes. It is always well to be conservative. Half is likely about right.

Up to the time of going to press we have no report from the Wichita police as to whether they have located the woman whose sole description is a tattooed "J" on the leg. Sherlock is needed as never before.

If Toothadore Specksvelt and his four sons are going to fight in case of war, then why all this fuss about wanting so many more? Is it possible that "I and my four sons" will need any help?

A SERMON ON DIGNITY.

Feller sinners, sich of ye as has but one dollar and one gallus ain't troubled with superfluous ponderosity, I take it, but no doubt ye see some folks that are. When ye see an old plute going about looking like he was chiselled out of pure marble and was a 33rd degree martyr, besides being boiled in oil occasionally, burned at the stake frequent, and devoured by wild beasts constant, right thar ye see a lump of Dignity.

And bend over here and listen: I never seed sich a one but turned out to be a drotted fool. They assume this load of dignity and hide in ambush behind it to keep folks from knowing they are fools. Real people cast their dignity to the winds and show up for what they are.

Labor, having brains and a cause that God knows is just, has been beseeching Capital on bended knees for years to give us decent wages and spread just a scrimtickle of butter on our daily bread. Capital, taking refuge behind its dignity, says, "We cannot bandy words with the rabble. It's beneath our dignity."

But some day—some day—the rasping file of labor will penetrate the cloak of stupidity, cupidity and cowardice that covers the rotten hides of the rulers of men, and we'll see them for what they are—a warty protuberance on the body politic, a pimple on the back side of progress, and a foe to good times, education and efficiency.

Another thing: Dignity never permits levity, and may God have mercy on us when we can't see the funny side of things. It eases the pain of poverty when we see what a comic figger we cut in our old clothes. When I see what a beaut I am in an old gray sweater nine sizes too short, pants that have been re-enforced and half-soled so often the original pattern and set are lost to remembrance, and observe that I wear no socks and not enough shirt to be noticed, in spite of the fact that I'm mad horizontally, vertically, north-east, south-west, inwardly, outwardly, through and through, I can't help laughing at the awful spectacle I make, and that helps some.

Dignity! Oh, golly! We need food, clothes, houses, a system that will prevent plundering, shorter hours for children in mills, better wages, better laws, and ten thousand wrongs righted; but if I ever need any dad-shinned dignity I'll just let you all know about it.

"Compulsory military service is the one thing that will do away with class feeling in this country" says Johndee, Junior. Won't it be fine to see Henry Dubb and Johndee sleeping together in a trench?

Does it make your friends cuss to try to read your handwriting? That will all be over with when you win that No. 3 Oliver typewriter. Get busy.

Rip Van Winkle, D. D.

You know the story of ancient Rip,
And how he paid for his mountain trip
By twenty years lone sleep on the hill,
While the world moved on and his mind stood still.

Rip left this bourne long years ago,
But he left his mantle behind, you know,
And we hear his voice in the nasal wails
Of priestly puppets with long coat-tails.

We've out-grown the notion the earth is flat,
But the notion of hell—just think of that!
How the preachers build on our nervous fears
The creed of burning through endless years!

Born in the cave-man's jungle-mind,
Still used as shackles to bind mankind;
Palmed on the people in a good God's name,
The sulphur reek and the tongue of flame.

When a sermon is pointed with brimstone tip,
You know the preacher's a son of Rip.
This doctrine is used with good effect
By the Winkle whose bank account is wrecked.

Believe in a sulphur pit that roars,
And, presto! the money toward him pours;
You will get your reward beyond the skies,
While your ticket money his comfort buys.

God will not doom to eternal pain
The soul that struggles and falls again;
His love for His Creatures is deeper far
Than the tenderest ties of earth-born are.

Learn to do well and in greatness grow;
Seek after truth that your soul may know.
Glorious life's the reward of right;
To the wicked is death—eternal night.

Fear not the scourage of eternal flame,
But fear to add to your brother's shame.
Back to the jungle with hate and hell;
The voice of reason says, "All is well."

—Ella Z. Harris.

Oh, Hellup!

Lebanon, Oregon,
Feb. 25th, 1917.

Editor Phewl Killer,
Boomer, Bumpkin County,
Hoop-pole Township, N. C.

My dear Pare:

What in Le the matter wid ye? Ain't heard nothing from you this long time—not since last August. Are you cinched, busted, b'oke, dead durned and delivered, or has the real fool-killer run you down (or in), or are you just run out of smart-weed?

Would like to hear from you once more at least, so as to feel safe in sending you a small pinch of the "Balm of Gilead." As this is war-time I would like a bunch of your hand-grenades loaded with your choicest wads of wind and wisdom to scatter among the howling patriots and devotees of the G. O. P. (Grafting Old Prostitute), also the Jassack. These are the greatest times and this the greatest country you ever heard tell of. You just wade in patriotism and snow and mud plum up to your gills, and everything is on the boom except what is on the bum.

Spuds are selling for five dollars a sack, and onions fifty cents a stink, and beans a dollar a shot, and we need a fool-killer—yes, a d—— fool-killer—offel bad. Send us a wad, won't you?

Very sincerely yours,
P. H. PRESTON.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

WOMEN ARE FOOLS, TOO.

Ah, yes, we all know that, and that's why I think they should read The Fool-Killer and profit by it. If there is anything the Almighty don't know it's just what a woman will do next. She will move her waist line up under the arm or down to the knee, all at the latest fashion's decree. She will comb her hair 57 ways, and if it don't suit her she will comb it another way. She always goes the limit and then jumps off in any extreme style.

When you know you ain't done a tarnal thing to hurt her feelings she'll sob and turn on the salt water sluice till you know you ARE an unfeeling brute and want to go off in search of a snake with which to bite yourself.

She'll paint, powder, perfume and lace herself, and whatever God may have forgotten she'll even make up with cotton. She'll make miles and miles of tatting and spend years of her life crocheting fool things. She'll gossip and flirt and pick her enemies all to pieces with her sharp little tongue, and then—

When you, O intellectual giant, tire of the swine-herd's reeking garb and turn from your husks in disgust; when the light of sin's banquet hall goes dim, and its painted roses are dead; when you long to be decent once again and say to your besotted soul, "I will return to my father's house"—she will show you "the path across." She will forgive you the seventy times seven and storm the citadel of heaven to bring the forgiveness of an outraged God to you. She will pillow your aching head on her bosom and give you the strength to live it all down, or else the strength to die in peace with a benediction on your lips. She always knows you are more sinned against than sinning, and though you broke her heart, you didn't mean to, and what's a heart for, anyway? And it's all right now the Prodigal has come home.

Thank God, every one of you old rascals and rapscallions, that women are fools. You know you're glad of it every hour.

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel recently, with a card bearing the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back."

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr.—?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to", pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"

"How are you getting along at home? The last time I called your wife was giving you the dickens."

"Quite true. I had been a bad boy. But she relaxed. Last night she came very near calling me honey."

"You don't mean it! How was that?"

"She called me old beeswax."

"Neckties!" shouted the loudly dressed "gentleman" as he stepped into a shop.

"These," said the assistant, very politely, "are the very newest styles, and are excellent quality at a quarter."

"A quarter!" haughtily, snapped the customer—"a quarter! Do I look like a man who would wear a quarter tie?"

"Beg pardon sir," meekly interposed the assistant. "The 10 cent counter is on the other side."

"In case of war, I and my four sons will go," says T. R. Go where, Kernel? To some place where you can hide behind another sugar kettle like you did in Cuba, I reckon. Huh?

WIN A PRIZE!

OLIVER TYPEWRITER

And Several Other Prizes Given Away

The Fool-Killer Announces its First Great Subscription Contest.

As announced in the January and February issues, The Fool-Killer is now conducting a Subscription Contest in which it proposes to give away several valuable Prizes to those who send in the largest number of subscriptions to this paper during the period from Feb. 1st to July 31st, inclusive.

Remember you don't have to send in all the subscriptions at one time. Oh, no! Just send them in along as you get them—a half-dozen or a dozen or two or three dozen at a time. I am keeping a correct record of all subscriptions sent in, and who by, and at the end of the Contest I will count up and see who is ahead.

The list of Prizes is as follows:

First Prize—A No. 3 Oliver Typewriter, Factory Rebuilt, worth $30.00 There is no better Typewriter than the Oliver.

Second Prize—A 20-year Guaranteed Gold-Filled Watch, Elgin or Waltham movement. No use to preach a sermon about this watch. It is standard value and everybody knows it.

Third Prize—A wonderful Silvertone Phonograph, the greatest home entertainer of the century. Talks and sings as natural as life.

Fourth Prize—A No. 3 Kewpie Kamera which uses a regular roll film and makes a picture three and a fourth by four and a fourth inches. The Kewpie never fails to get the picture.

Now there they are—four valuable Prizes—and somebody is going to get them for just a little bit of work taking subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. It is just as apt to be you as anybody, if you will make a little effort. Don't get scared and think it is going to take some GREAT BIG amount of subs to win these Prizes. The amount that will win these Prizes will not be as big as you might think. Even a comparatively small list may get some of them. Of course SOMEBODY is going to be ahead, but that SOMEBODY is just as apt to be YOU as anybody. So get busy and keep busy till sun down on July 31st. Even if you don't win the First Prize, either of the others are well worth working for.

This is a Free-For-All Contest, and the best hustler will win. The contest will close on Tuesday, July 31st, 1917, and all letters bearing the postmark of that day will be counted. And the four contestants who send in the largest number of subscriptions to The Fool-Killer at 15 cents each will get the Prizes in the order mentioned above.

The field is open. Walk right in and win.

Address all letters and make all orders payable to:
THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph County, N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book, which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.

ATTENTION, COMRADES! 2,300,000 acres, Oregon and California Railroad Grant Lands in Western Oregon have by an act of Congress been redeemed and restored to the Public Domain, and will be opened for Homesteads as classified. For reliable general descriptive information giving correct numbers of locations, send $1.00 to Louis H. Bergold, Riddle, Oregon.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BILLY SUNDAY.

Dear Bill:

In your ranting, raving whooping, staving career over this country you have probably never got a good square look at your own phiz, so I want you to refer you to the 23rd chapter of Matthew, where you will find a good portrait of yourself, painted in the words of the Crucified, whose servant you pretend to be. In this chapter He says you do all your works to be seen of men, love the uppermost rooms at feasts, love to be called Rabbi of men; for a pretense make long prayers—strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, make clean the outside of the cup and platter, etc.

Don't you think, Bill, it's a drotted measley shame for one man to be paid as much money as you get for telling the way to the the Heavenly Jerusalem as imperfectly as you tell it? To be sure, the spasms you have burn up some vital force, but not so much as is expended by a child in one week in some Southern cotton mill, and they get only 90 cents a week!

The slang you sling may tickle the ears of the coarser element, but even vulgarity need not come so high-priced. If it's merely a matter of amusing the people with something sorter droll and funny, The Fool-Killer is a blamed sight cheaper than your hot air, and a better grade of stuff, too. Why don't you advise your congregations to stay at home hereafter and read The Fool-Killer?

Because some ecclesiastical dignitary laid his empty hands on your empty head in Christ's name, you needn't think you can swindle in His name.

Bill, you're nothing but a rank old fraud, and if you ever get within hailing distance of the Perfect Land you must disgorge your spoils and work for humanity. If He whose name you continually call upon was here today, He would in all probability discard His scourage of small cords for something heavier to use in the castigation and flagellation of such as you.

Do you know what I could do with all that money you get? I could free captive bodies in Humanity's name. Little children whose pale faces grow paler each day, whose nerves are strained to the breaking point, who are dying surely because of the heavy shackles they wear—chained to factory and loom while you are praying souls free.

Say, Bill, suppose you help release bodies awhile, and then return to your prayers and incantations. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, "If a child cries out in pain, we must rise and go from the banquet though the host be saying grace."

Sunday, you old fraud, I'd like to convert you. You have the gift of gab and grab, and could help the cause of humanity so much. Hit the sawdust trail, old scout. Down on your knees at the mourner's bench! Turn your pockets inside out and be a parasite no longer. Pray one prayer for the Almighty's ears alone, and help to make the HERE and NOW tolerable for the martyred ones. You can never miss the Good Beyond if you add to the store of happines here.

A SERMON ON PRISON REFORM

We have been told that jail is no place for a gentleman, and partly believe it. Some recent investigations of certain prisons reveal the fact that the human beings herded there have been forced to endure all the horrors of the damned.

Such conditions call for strong protests. They also call for carbolic acid, chloride of lime, bichloride of mercury, Creolin, Germacide, Creso-dip, Pearline, Platt's Chloride Boraxine, washing-powder, iodoform, chloroform—in short REFORM.

Filth and foul beds, vermin and spoiled food, never made honest men out of crooks, and the pusillanimous pole-cats of hell that act as keepers of prisons only to abuse the prisoners and neglect sanitation should have to eat the rotten messes they administer to the inmates, amid precisely the same conditions, and breathe the foul reek they breathe while contending with the vermin they have to contend with.

It is horrible indeed to think that the centuries have passed and we have been enligtened so much on sanitary conditions, food, etc., and the jail is still an institution with us. Something has to be done with the law-breakers, of course. Could not our wisdom and statesmanship devise some restraint for the vicious that would have as its motive the reformation of the prisoner, the preservation of health, and the benefit of the State? Even a murderer should be able to cleanse his body and lie down to such rest as his conscience will permit, with no parasites to crawl over him. He should be given clean, well-cooked food, and, until his breath is stopped by the hangman's noose or electrocution, pure air should be allowed for breathing. So long as Rockfeller, Morgan, and the other pie-faced plutes breathe the air of freedom and pluck and plunder without restraint, we know that the biggest r scals are not in jail anyway, and should measure our treatment of those immured in prisons from the standpoint of health and humane principle.

Once in a town where I was living the inmates of the county jail sent a bottle of assorted lice to His Honor, the Judge, while court was in session. Immediately the good women of that place ordered the old mattresses burned and sent new clean ones for every cell. But what was the use? In a few weeks conditions were as bad as ever, and I suppose it is still a breeding-place for vermin. When the attetntion of the jailor was called to the loathsome condition he is said to have replied that "a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him from brooding over the fact that he is a dog."

Say, let's hitch the prisoners out in the woods till we clean the jails, or shoot them at sunrise. They'd as soon die with a quick pain as a slow, wasting disease. Anyway, let's do something pretty soon.

Are you working for those Prizes offered on page three? Read about 'em and get busy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. S. Troup, Grant, Ala.—By chance I came in contact with one of your papers, and after reading it through I handed it to some of my friends and was just a few minutes getting a club of six.

T. C. Ferguson, Sheriff of Edmonson County, Brownsville, Ky.—Find enclosed my check to pay for the accompanying eight subs to The Fool-Killer. I received your paper for a year and liked it so well I thought I would get up a small club.

J. G. Sears, RFD 4, Pendelton, S. C.—It is with pleasure that I send you another club of seven to your little Fool-Killer paper. Send to the enclosed names and start with the March issue. This is a renewal for myself and the others are new ones.

Walter T. Bagley, R3, Cumming, Ga.—You will find enclosed check for $1.05 for which send The Fool-Killer to these addresses for one year. I got up this club in one little bunch of about a dozen in five minutes or less. You may look for another club soon.

Mrs. Lula M. Gibbs, Box 33, Fruitdale, Ala.—Enclosed is the price of a year's subscription to your hot stuff. Send us a copy right away, as we have not seen a copy lately and are very hungry for some brain-food along your line. Wish you and yours the best of success.

A. S. Hodges, 926 E. Joseph St., Mishanaka, Ind.—I am sending the accompanying list of subs as a little token of my appreciation of the little Fool-Killer. Hope the wife is well again and everything is as fine as silk with you and the paper. Am enclosing money order for $1.70.

M. O. Smith, C. of G. Depot, Athens, Ga.—Enclosed find postoffice money order for fifty cents to pay for The Fool-Killer for two years, as I do not want to be without it any more. Please send me a copy by first mail. If you have one for last month that you can spare please mail it to me at once.

William McCarty, Dredge No. 2, Marco, Fla.—I received the Feb. number of The Fool-Killer and have got a quarter's worth of enjoyment out of it, and like it so well I have persuaded four of our crew to subscribe for it. Enclosed is the list of names and money. Hope you will live long to write more good things in The Fool-Killer.

T. B. Moore, RFD 4, Winnsboro, Texas.—I guess you will think I am a fool sure enough, but I can tell a good thing when I see it. I picked up a little sheet called The Fool-Killer in the road yesterday and began reading and did not stop until I had read every word of it. So here I come with a little list of subscribers. Please send The Fool-Killer to these names and send me some sample copies.

D. M. Peach, Panama Park, Fla.—I enclose herewith six more subs for your paper. When I read it to these fellows they said they didn't want to be fools any loager and that they would continue taking your paper. I don't know if all of them want to keep wise, but you will find four of us that will, I know. I hope your list is growing and that it will run to 500,000, and the readers will be forever blessed by reading it.

G. I. Ray, P. O. Box, 146, Charlotte, N. C.—We are sending you a check for $1.00; and wish you to send the paper called The Fool Killer to the enclosed addresses for one year. Will say that when The Fool-Killer first arrived we started to throw it in the waste-basket, but accidentally took it home and started to reading it one night, and we must admit that when you read this paper in your family circle you can get a lot of fun and amusement from same.

W. J. Beard, Dover, Ga.—I am this day sending you a club of five to be entered on your mailing list. I made up this club in less than five minutes. When I read my paper (which was a good one) I showed it to these men and let them read it, and they all at once said, "I want to subscribe for the little sheet of fun and wisdom." That is what they called it. So I took their names and their money right on the spot. They are anxious to get a paper as early as it can come.

J. A. Lanning, R1, Longton, Kans.—By chance I stumbled onto one of your papers (The Fool-Killer), and as you hit everything square I thought I would subscribe for it. I never heard of The Fool-Killer till I happened to see this copy, so I just thought I would get up a little club for you. Enclosed find list of names and money order for $1.80. If you will send me some sample copies I will distribute them for you, as I believe in helping out a good cause.

J. W. White, Baker Hill, Ala.—Enclosed find 75 cents for which send The Fool-Killer to the accompanying list of names for one year. The Fool-Killer has been coming to my house (sent to my son, H. L. White). I have been reading it and like it so well I decided to send in a club to wear off the blues once a month.

Ladye M. Bryant, Chipley, Ga.—Here are a few more subscribers to The Fool-Killer. I have been trying to help you all I could for two or three years. I think The Fool-Killer gets better as it grows older.

Verbs to Order.

The Rebel tells of a city parasite who remarked to a farmer:

"Thursday we autoed to the country club and golfed all day, then trolleyed back to town and danced till morning."

The farmer "got back at him" in this language:

"Well, I've been having some time myself. Wednesday morning I muled to the corn-field and gee-hawed till sundown. Then I muled back home and suppered till dark, after which I piped till nine. Then I bedded till five A. M., and then breakfasted till it was time to start to muling again."

Everybody needs a typewriter, and there is none better than the Oliver. If you want to get one so easy you will think you have stolen it, just read the Prize Offer in this issue. See page three.

The Free Lance.

The Free Lance is the name of a very wide-awake and interesting little paper published monthly at Reidsville, Ga., by Mr. Arling Tootle, aged 21. Mr. Tootle is an able and earnest writer, and he hits some straight licks at the evils of the day. The mechanical get-up of the paper is ideal for a small sheet, and I hope The Free Lance will win the success which it very clearly deserves.

35 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7 BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1917. NUMBER 11

SAW TEETH.

There wasn't a saw in a mile of the place,
But the aligator opened the end of his face,
And I saw teeth;
Yes sir, it's a fact that you cannot dispute
That I looked in the mouth of that ugly old brute,
And I saw teeth.

A pie, and a nigger as hungry as sin,
And he opened his shoulders to shovel it in,
And I saw teeth;
No sir, he never did bother to chew,
But his lips were red and his gums were blue,
And I saw teeth.

A pretty young maid met up with a man,
And smiled as only a pretty maid can,
And I saw teeth;
Because they were pretty and snowy and clean,
She certainly wanted her teeth to be seen,
And I saw teeth.
—James Larkin Pearson.

RUBBING IT IN.

One of my neighbors happens to be the owner of a filly colt, and along in the winter it was discovered that the colt had more lice on it than Rockefeller has got dollars.

In such cases there is always plenty of advice, and it don't cost anything except to listen. The only difficulty is in deciding which advice to use.

Well, among other things, my neighbor was advised to get a peck of tobacco stems and boil them in water until the ooze was strong enough to float the iron wedge, and then wash the lousy colt all over with that stuff.

The stinking mess was prepared according to directions and duly applied, after which the colt looked like a pet rat that had been drowned in a spittoon.

Two or three days later the colt was examined to see if all the lice were dead, and—for pity's sake! —what do you reckon? Instead of being dead, them consarned lice were sitting back in there cross-legged and chewing tobacco just like a gang of sailors. I was called in as a witness, and while watching I saw several big bald-headed lice spit out their quid and take a fresh chaw.

And now the owner of the colt is wondering if he didn't make bad matters worse. Instead of getting rid of the lice he only learned them the tobacco habit, and now he will have to go right on buying it for them.

It is a very sad case.

In order to make The Fool-Killer as original as possible, its columns will hereafter be devoted mostly to thoughts that have no connection with the subject.

BIRDS AND ANGELS.

Bang—ouch! an idea hit me! Did ever such an accident happen to you? I just got to wondering what an angel is, anyhow. I have heard the preacher-man say that the angels are all about us and that they have wings and tail feathers and so forth. I have never seen anything in real life that looked much like the pictures of angels that they print in the Sunday-school papers, and I have at last come to the conclusion that maybe nobody else ever saw one, either. Hence the pictures must be more guess work than anything else. And maybe the guess has missed farther than it shot.

Wouldn't it mighty-nigh jar the huckleberry seed out of your holler tooth if it should turn out that the little common everyday birds of the forest are the angels? I don't know of any argument to be used against that idea and there are several good ones in favor of it. For one thing, the birds are certainly the most innocent little critters we have any knowledge of and their songs approach nearest to what we would call heavenly music of any melody that has played tag with my ear-drums since I can remember.

And the wings—there your are again! The birds have got 'em. And their easy, graceful flight gives them all the dignity of heavenly beings sent down here to watch over us poor weak, blundering mortals.

And the birds seem always happy, just as we might imagine an angel would be. It s a clear case they have got more sense than we have. They don't take upon their shoulders a great burden of business, only to go broke and get the blues and cuss out the whole works like we do. Whenever the world around them looks blue and dismal and they can't muster up courage to hop out on a limb and sing hallyluyer, they at least have sense enough to stay in their houses and keep their mouths shut. A bird's policy is to sing glad songs or say nothing. They never growl. If they can't make the world brighter they refuse to add to its gloom.

I might go on and think up dozens of angelic attributes that the birds have, and you will have to scratch your head mighty hard to think of a single human trait that belongs to them.

If an angel is a spirit being, I don't see why it couldn't inhabit a bird's body just as well as not. Anyhow, whether the rest of you like it or not, I am going to have it that way.

I wish I knew which bird is my good angel. I would go right this minute and take it a whole handful of nice fresh crumbs.

OH, MOLY HOSES!

Say, listen to this, and then go off and throw a conniption fit and puke up your liver!

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons have got into evangelistic game a la Billy Sunday, and Mrs. F. has her Fitzy-witzy studying the Bible in the hope that he may yet be able to give Sunday clubs and spades and beat him at his own game.

Formerly Bob pounded the everlasting stuffing out of an opponent in the fighter's ring cheered by the base mob, himself the exponent of brutality. Then he and Mrs. Fitz would have a few marital differences more or less peppery, and maybe a bout or two of connubial fisticuff.

Later, when Bob lost his punch and had his face beaten out of human semblance, he and the Mrs. capered before the footlights at so much per caper. Now, having ceased to be a drawing card there and having completely effaced and marred the image of God in themselves, they propose to lead or drive us along the saw-dust trail straight to the elysian fields of the New Jerusalem.

Oh, Moly Hoses! Don't this remind you of a pair of skunks bathing in attar of roses?

Now don't understand your Grand-Pap to say that souls should not be saved. Every pardoned sinner can elect himself an evangelist and point out to other wrecks on the ocean of life the only safe harbor, and should do so; but for a no able failure in all the other avocations he has tried to pop suddenly into the pulpit smacks of filthy lucre, spondulix juice, and the desire for "unearned increment." Maybe I'm misjudging Bob, but if I am I propose to ask him to go on one of his preaching debauches and accept no contribution for his efforts. Let's count the money end as cut off and see if his enthusiasm wanes.

It's a sad thing to see people giving the soured and polluted dregs of a mis-spent life to God Almighty, after gaustering all over the devil's territory oozing energy and sin at every pore as long as youth, health and success were theirs.

Seems to me I can sorter hear a voice saying to such painted squaws and pickled bucks: "Depart, ye cursed! I never knew you!"

THE DOPE COLUMN.

W. L. England, in Lenoir News.

Oscar Shell is now offering chewing tobacco with each shave.

Ed Hoover's settin' hen died on him the other day—he borrowed one from Laurie Hall to fill out the unexpired term.

Measles "are" but molasses "is". Surely the way of the correct speaker is hard.

Last summer while taking a bath Peter Angley mistook the whet-rock for the soap. Most all the skin has growed back.

Glen Munday left on the train Saturday for Waxhaw. He was a day behind in leaving on account of not being able to make up his mind which way he'd walk. He had car fare one way.

Roy Martin, dope dispenser and general nuisance at Ballew's, said a man asked him the other day to fix him up some medicine quick, as he was about to die with "inside information."

Hill Powell was three minutes late on the job yesterday morning. He says plantin his tater patch caused the delay; also he said he might a bin later on the job if the eyes on the seed potato he swapped a cow for hadn't give out.

The News Editor secured a cash subscriber the other day and with the proceeds purchased hisself one of these new-fangled shine-in-the-dark kind of watches. He says it's a regular nuisance as every time he takes it out in daylight he feels like he's cheating himself and when he has occasion to know the time at night, he involuntarily reaches up and turns off the light.

Hill Powell stole his wife's octagon soap wrappers which she's been savin' to get a pianer with and ordered off for a fine razor. Hill is lettin' the stubble grow so he can give it good try-out when it comes. He is also complaining of the long delay in transit, and is threatening to go over to Valmead and get a shave from Ralph Tuttle.

A Kind Husband.

A few members of the local organization of Sons of Rest were keeping the dust from the upholstery of a new Overland Sunday afternoon. One said the proper thing to do was to get married, and that he would do so only he was afraid he couldn't be kind to his wife. "Why," he said, "last night on my way home I saw a man actually holding a lantern so his wife could chop wood."

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L PEARSON, . Editor
Boomer North Carolina.

One year to your heart 25 cents
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Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and the field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on the pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have drunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1917.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 5th day of April, 1917.

. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
Commission expires Jan. [illegible]

PARAGRAPHS.

Pennies are still one cent apiece.

How would you like to be a grasshopper?

Every doodle-bug loveth its own doodle-bug hole.

This-here old habit of eating is a mighty hard habit to overcome.

Words are the best substitutes for thoughts that have yet been diskivered.

Did you ever notice that if the Lord don't provide, the devil always does?

All who haven't got shoes and can't get them are hereby authorized and permitted to go barefooted.

The big man that you have allers wanted to see ain't more'n half as big as after you have seen him.

All who are expecting to starve are hereby advised to begin gradually and get used to it before you die.

We naturally suppose that a chicken don't know much, but how do we know how much a chicken knows?

The fool who behaves himself and keeps straight is wiser than the smart man whose smartness gets him into trouble.

The common earth-worm is due to have some rights, too, but nobody bothers to see that it gets 'em.

Artemus Ward once remarked that the body politic was sick. And I regret to state that the patient is no better.

Where is there another paper as good as The Fool-Killer? I confess that it ain't nowhere, nor anywhere else.

Another mystery to me is—how the Creator ever manages to make such varmints as hornets and bumblebees without getting stung.

If there is anything uglier and awkwarder than a naked spring chicken running after a bug, I have been lucky enough to miss seeing it.

Billy Sunday wants the folks to look at him when he preaches. "I'll be darned if I preach if you don't look at me!" he swore at his congregation recently.

We certainly know all the rascals are not rich, and maybe all the rich are not rascals. But I would feel better satisfied if they would prove it.

What in the name of sense is the use for me to write things that just any little old editor can write? I now propose to leave to other editors such writing as their limited ability enables them to do, while I devote my massive intellect to such fool things as no other fool would ever think of. So be it, Hanner Jane. Amen.

A few Ways to Help The Fool-Killer.

1. Cuss it.
2. Brag on it.
3. Borrow your neighbor's copy and read it.
4. Send in your subscription to-day and get a paper of your own each month.
5. Get up a club of five or more at 15 cents each and help The Fool-Killer and your neighbors, too.

Help The Fool-Killer any way you please, but DO do SOMETHING!

The Fool-Killer don't know any dead languages and not very many living ones, but if you can understand a mule's foot when it kicks you, maybe you can get some useful enjoyment out of this fool paper

Walt Whitman said the odor of his arm-pits was a sweeter perfume to him than Hoyt's cologne, or words to that effect. Must have been something very unusual about Walt's arm-pits or his nose, one or t'other.

"Col. Roosevelt to Testify in Union Suit," says a headline. Oh, do run there with a hoss-blanket, quick! If Ted can't afford a regular suit of clothes the court ought to lend him one to testify in.

It is right plum low-down mean for these-here sculptors to wait till a man is dead and then take advantage of his helpless condition to sculp him in marble like they do. If I ever live to die, I don't want you to let 'em sculp me.

I notice that some papers which think they are bigger and more "respectable" than The Fool-Killer still find it impossible to get along without stealing the dope I write and printing it without credit. What a pity!

I am in receipt of a query signed "Settlement Worker," asking "What are Thaw's religious views?" Dear Worker, all the views so far exhibited by Thaw were so irreligious as to shock the conscience of an ostrich. Your question is sorter like asking how cool hell is.

Some little bantam rooster of a fellow may call you a liar and you want to fight, whereas if lightning strikes you you don't have anything to say about it.

The neighborhood Bum says salt mackerel are biting pretty good now. Well, we caught a can of sardines the other day, but they weren't biting much.

The Dog Hill preacher had on another clean shirt last Sunday. Poke Eazley says he can't see how some folks can afford to dress so well.

Our local quack doctor says his rheumatism is getting worse, and all bekaze he can't get nary Irish tater to tote in his pocket to cure it. He tried to buy a tater on the installment plan, but failed.

LISTEN!

Dear Readers:

Last issue I was about to catch up but this issue is as far behind as ever. The cause is the same it has been all the time—sickness. Most of you know that my wife is a chronic invalid, but you CAN'T know how terribly she suffers unless you could see it. For the past four weeks she has been much worse than usual, and I have had to be with her all the time, day and night. I could not attend to the office work and have had no one else to do it. So it had to go undone.

Friends, I have already carried on the business under these awful conditions longer than I ever thought possible. A man never knows how much he can stand until he is put to the test. Maybe I can stand some more yet. Anyway, I will do my very best. If the paper is late and the "juice" not as good as it ought to be, just let your imagination travel to a little bed-room here at Boomer, North Carolina, and you will see a sad-faced, hollow-eyed man sitting by the bedside of a pale, suffering woman at midnight. That is the reason the paper is late and irregular, and surely that is reason enough.

And now, friends, let me beg you to not lose interest in The Fool-Killer. Knowing what a struggle I am making, you ought to take more interest in it than ever before. And if ever your help was needed, it is needed NOW! Tell all your friends about this, and let the clubs roll in.

—James Larkin Pearson.

THE SMART LITTLE PUPPY.

The world has a lot of a number of things
That always are pleasant to see
Of pretty girls' eyes and blackberry pies,
And roses and pay-days and glee;
And waffles and movies and blue china cups,
And bargains and full dinner pails;
But pleasantest far are the nice little paps
That wiggle and waggle their tails.

A nice little, brown little puppy who seems
Just brimming with wiggles and wags;
His damp little nose as pink as a rose,
Two ears that are pert little rags;
And half of him shrinking in fear of a spank,
And half of him wigging a plea,
And all of him ready for any old prank—
There's nothing so pleasant as he.

And how can they say that a creature is dumb
That's wise in its own sort of ways?
Although we suppose there's little he knows,
Yet, oh, how he knows how to please!
He knows how to find all the fun he can
He goes
Through his life in this sorrowful vale,
And especially we're glad that such little pup knows
How to wiggle and waggle his tail!

—MORRIS MILLER.

POOR LITTLE POLLYWOG.

Poor little Pollywog peppered his pie,
And buttered his bungy to boot;
Then looked at it out of the tail of his eye
And sniffed his pug of a snoot.

Hobblety-wobblety uppity-down,
Hippity-clippity jolt,
Poor little Pollywog riding to town
On the back of a lousy colt.

Hitched his hoss to a telegraph wire,
And left it like a goose;
The current set the rope on fire
And turned the poor thing loose.

Poor little Pollywog hoofed it back,
And blistered both his heels;
And ever since that, alas! alack!
How awful bad he feels!

—James Larkin Pearson.

IF.

If all who hate would love us
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;

If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;

If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;

If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—

When Love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream,

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die—

If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall.

A certain poet named W. E. Glover must be either the laziest man or the tiredest man that ever drawed breath. I submit as proof the following echo from his heart:

"I wish I was a rock
A-setting on a hill,
A-doing nothing all day long,
But just a-setting still

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself, b'gosh!"

Have an Apple.

According to Edward N. Loomis, president of the International Apple Shippers' Association, there are one hundred apples in sight for every man, woman and child. In sight! Well, what good does that do? The stars are in sight. Tell us about something that is in reach.

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

2,300,000 acres, Oregon and California Railroad Grant Lands in Western Oregon have by an act of Congress been redeemed and restored to the Public Domain, and will be opened for Homesteads as classified. For reliable general descriptive information giving correct numbers of locations, send $1.00 to Louis H. Bergold, Middle Oregon.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

IT ISN'T RIGHT.

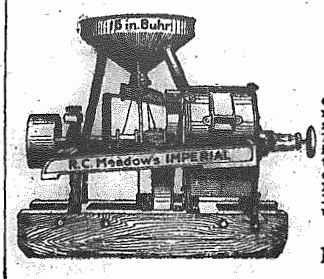
By W. L. England.

Some folks are so particular, it's really disgusting. Did you ever take note of the large number who lose valuable time in hunting up a town refuse can to put peanut hulls, banana peelings, etc. in? The mail on the first brings in a lot of insults from merchants—letters actually asking that what one has eaten during the month be paid for. What do we do? Why, we hold the bill carefully in hand and rush out of the Post Office to hunt the merchant and pay the bill instead of tearing up the letter into small fragments and allowing the zephyr breeze to scatter it most artistically over the street. Some one gets a liquor circular. What does he do if he's stopped ordering and gone to bumming—throw it on the floor where it belongs? No. He throws it in the waste basket where he knows good and well that some of the boys who unfortunately didn't get a circular will have to sneak in late at night and hunt for an hour or so to find out what House will ship a certain brand prepaid for a dollar. This is what we call trying to be clean when you know its mean.

We understand that all the grocerymen have invited the Betterment Ladies to call and see how clean they keep their stores and even the butchers have actually insisted that these Good Women stand around and watch them grind sausage. This is indeed carrying the thing too far, for does not the Good Book teach us that every one must eat his or her peck of dirt. Now, how in the world are we going to absorb our allotted measure of soil if the butchers have discovered some sanitary way to make sausage? Gentlemen, something should be done? Is it possible that the cruel market men are conspiring to take away our last chance and we'll have to eat our dirt dry so—a tea spoonful before each meal, just like a tonic?

The keep-things-clean sentiment seems to be taking the country by storm. Pretty soon we're going to have paved streets and the ladies will want them dusted off every morning before breakfast. Can't you see what this whole matter is leading up to? Business men—beware! Pretty soon you'll be asked to clean up your back lots. Will you stand for this? Are you willing to have your personal liberty attacked. Think for a minute—your own back lot, so near and dear to your heart, your one possession which you could always truthfully brag about as looking the worst and smelling the loudest. One of these fine mornings you're going to be asked to clean up and buy a barrel of lime—then you'll be requested to plow and plant Trailing Arbutus with a Sun Flower here and there for the Arbutus to trail on. Wake up, men, while there's yet time to nip this suffragette progressiveness in the bud.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph County, N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book, which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.



IMPERIAL

IRON FRAME CORN MILL

Turns out perfect corn meal, is economical, and will last a lifetime. It is the best mill you can buy, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Is fitted with the famous Rowan white flint buhrs and is the latest improved. It is well built throughout, and the iron frame gives it extra strength. Has cleaning fan which insures nice clean bread. Mill sold directly from factory to user. Not in any trust. Complete mill $22.50 and up. Write today for prices and catalogue.

R. C. MEADOWS,
Box S, Peors Knob, North Carolina

Three Out of Two.

According to The Pathfinder, figures can't lie, but you can certainly twist numbers sometimes so that they look as if they were telling what wasn't so. A man went to market and bought two fish, and when he got home he had three. How could this be? Easy enough. He bought two herring. When he reached home he had these two, and one smelt. The smelt made three.

How Old is Ann—and Mary?

Have you ever yet found out how old Ann is? Suppose you try it again, and while you are at it, figure out Mary's age, too. The sum of Mary' and Ann's ages is 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. Figger it out on your boot-leg while the mare rests at the end of the row.

No Cook Needed.

Young Scribbler had just taken his new bride to the tiny flat he had prepared for their home when she began to cry. "Darling," she said, "I must make a terrible confession to you: I can't cook."

"There, there!" said Scribbler, "don't cry. I also have a confession to make: I'm a poet, and there won't be anything to cook."

Hogwallow News.

By Dunk Botts.

Slim Flinders says he cannot see how some roosters are able to be around much in the day time after having set up all night crowing.

The horse doctor was called to Musket Ridge Wednesday night to see Frisby Hancock. He found that Frisby had a slight touch of lumbago and about a dollar.

Day before yesterday Sidney Hocks found a cowbell. With this good start he will likely go into the cattle business.

The train left Tickville Thursday morning for the north at a higher speed than usual, there being on board several letters that were marked, "In Haste."

The waters of Carrion Creek are still on the rise, and while no danger is yet reported, it is feared that this community will suffer a drouth after the water is all washed away.

The Old Miser has been saving up the potatoes that are stuck on the spout of his coal oil can by the store keeper and will soon have enough for a mess.

Luke Mathewsa has bought a pocketbook to keep his money in, but now finds himself in as bad fix as he was before, having spent all his money for the pocketbook.

YOU'LL Get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. World-Wide Card Club, Dept. F. K., King, N. C.

A SERMON ON DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Yes, Disappointments. We all have 'em as regular as a goose goes bare-footed. We'll have 'em again about sixty million times while on this mundane sphere. And maybe after we leave the before-mentioned and herein-described speer we'll have our biggest disappointment yet.

One of the worst ones this nation ever had was the famous and infamous Halley's Comet. I'd been led into the belief that she'd appear in low neck and short sleeves, blazin' in her virginal beauty, flirtin' with Orion and the other 'uns, Jenus and Vupiter, and skimmin' the cream from the Milky Way, or words to that import, so to remark.

Lo and behold! she appeared one evening. I noticed a rush and a mad scramble up the hill t'other side of my door. I was engaged in writing a voluminous and learned lecture entitled "Drifting Where?" I had gotten as far as: "We are standing tonight on the threshold of life looking out over its turbulent waters and drifting we know not where." Lovely, ain't it? I got it out of an old scrap-book. But as I was saying, I put away my lecture, folded the gestured that went with it and put 'em in my desk, and drifted up the hill with the populace. Passed a fat man mopping his bald head and puffing like a steam engine that had got stalled half-way between Hades and Chicago, and I said: "Whasmatter?" "Damfino!" he puffed, which is Greek and means, "I do not comprehend." Or if it ain't Greek it means that, anyway.

Well, when I had got to the top I was told: "It's Halley's Comet." I looked at the weak and watery-eyed little thing glimmering with the radiance of a pewter spoon in a mud puddle. I felt the sickening pain I always have when a new disappointment hits me from ambush with a stuffed club. Why, that comet had no more idea how a comet should shine than a coconut in a fit of delirium tremens! Believe me, it was one of my greatest disappointments.

And it's just that way through the whole catalog of life's luring, lying panorama. No sooner do you discover an ointment and unguent for the ills of life than you see it's full of flies and stinketh worse than a billy-goat and two nigger camp-meetings.

The man you just know is your ideal turns out to be knock-kneed, or has a wart on his nose, or his feet stink, or his principles are whomper-jawed when you find out, and he steps down and out with a tin can tied to him and the sign, "For sale cheap, one second-hand ideal, good as new."

So it is with the woman of our dreams. She saileth into our orbit with colors flyin' and the band playin' "Annie Laurie," and on closer inspection we find the colors put on from the outside, and the adorable curves would be angles were it not for the paddin' judiciously applied. And after a second look we know there ain't a spoonful of balm left in Gilead, and that jellies won't always jell.

It's just the same in 'lection time. We trust 'em once more and they disappoint us once more, prompt to the minute. We turn the rascals out and turn a new bunch in every time.

We study the seed catalogs and construct the garden of our dreams, with spinach as big as palm leaves, turnips three to a bushel, onions as big as a quart cup, and all things accordin'. And the measley thing we create looks no more like the thing we planned than a chigger resembles a mastodon.

But why pile up and add to and augment the evidence? We are disappointed from the minute we find our dolls stuffed with sawdust to the last review we take of our lives and see that we've "left undone the things we ought to have done, and have done the things we should not."

And after we're dead our friends are disappointed in us. We didn't leave as much property as they thought we had, or we don't look natural in our coffins, or our funeral was not as imposin' as it ort to have been.

Shucks! Let's go- a-fishin' and get disappointed!

How to Use Patent Medicines.

Sick Headache—Place a paper of Killum's Headache Powders in the slop bucket, then go to bed and rest till your head gets easy.

Pain or Cramps—Put a bottle of Painkiller in the ice-box and go without dinner.

Cold in the Head—Put a bottle of Dr. Sting's New Dope on the top shelf of the cupboard and go to work as usual.

Fretful Children—Empty a bottle of Mrs. Sally Swiggins's Soothing Syrup on the sole of an old shoe, rub in well, and apply to the child until the symptoms disappear.

Cold Feet—Pour one-half pint of any reliable tonic over behind the back-stick, and then sit down and poke your feet to the fire.

Loss of Appetite—Get a box of Dr. Poysner's Liver Pills. Roll each pill around the house three times with a golf club. Eat a hearty dinner.

Now is the time to plant Horse Radish if you want to raise a Spring Colt.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

D. W. Truluck, R4, Moultrie, Ga.—Here's $1.05 for seven subs to The Fool-Killer. I was at a country store last Saturday evening and a friend handed me one of your Fool-Killers, and after looking over it I wanted to subscribe. So I asked a few of my friends if they wanted to take it, and I got up seven including my own.

Mark M. Plessinger, R1, Bx75, Silverdale, Wash.—I have been reading your ding-busted foolishness for the past year whenever I could get hold of it, and have roped in three other victims and am going to renew my subscription another twelve months as well as making a present to the fifth in order to make a list of five. So just whoop-er-up and send a good big wallop to all the enclosed names.

ADVICE TO SPRING POETS.

Some of you know that the editor of this fool paper is a sort of a jack-leg poet. Some of you are very positive you could beat him poeting, I expect. Hence this sermon of ready help to the spring poet.

'Course you know the spring poet differs from the common or garden variety.

Why, law bless your time, fools that never wrote a rime, when the smell of violets gits 'em and a Southern warm breeze hits 'em, break out into verse as easily as a baby breaks out with the chicken pox.

Well, you'll want to mention "the fields of waving corn" in your verses; but don't, for the love of Bill Shakespeare, say a word about beans or 'taters or succotash. Tomatoes are all right, but you mustn't speak of them in poetry.

Wheat is permissible, and rimes with "Gret, meet, sweet," etc.—no, I'll be hanged if it rimes with etc., but what I wanted to say is, don't mention oats, nor even oatmeal, or you'll hear a squeal in circles poetic.

Sure, you'll want to say something about "leafy June" or "rose-crowned June," and more so when I tell you it's strictly original and nobody ever said it before. So take notice N. B. June rimes with "moon, soon, noon, rune, boon. prune," etc., but being in North Carolina personally I would not use "prune" as a rime for "June." In California it is not de trop, but here it would be highly improper.

You can speak of the birds and the bees and the butterflies all you please—but say!—beware of the wasp! He is utterly hostile to either poets or poetry—could hardly be incorporated or tolerated there, in fact.

It's quite a good plan to keep near you some standard poetry to get rimes out of. I once had a friend (he's not my friend any more) who did this successfully, and by some chance he found the expression, "salt sea's morning brule," and wanted to work said words into one of his pieces of mosaic, or "pottery," or what-ye-may-call-it. He asked me about changing "salt sea's" to "mountains", and I just couldn't think of onesingle rime for "brule" except "mule" and "fool." After that our friendship had its vermiform appendix and adenoids removed, dying on the operating table.

Feller poets, when you get your spring pomes all doped out, make your mother-in-law a present of the whole blame caboodle. She doubtless has her opinions of you anyhow, and said pomes will enhance the same, deepen and broaden and intensify the old lady's privatest opinions of you. Then, too, she'll give utterance to her opinions, and best of all, she'll know just what to do with your pomes. The way they will fly through the atmosphere will make you think a cyclone has struck your de-strict or that heaven and earth have come together in six or seven places. But, best of all, it will take the poetry out of your system, and that's the main thing.

"This is the seventh time you have been before me!" said the judge severely. "That so!" said Rastus. "Hit do beat all, Jedge, how some folks hold on to their office."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Good Advice.

For good plain truth and no bunk feed,
With every line a thriller,
Become a sub and always read
The little old Fool-Killer.
—William G. Rupp.

Naesatz, N. D.

Robert T. Chapman, Camby, Ind.—The Fool-Killer paper we find immense,
And enclosed find fifty cents;
This is all you have to do—
And it will pay for just us two.

Many laughs we had last year,
So, Mr. Fool-Killer, this way steer;
Don't miss a copy, no, not one,
For then we'd lose just lots of fun.

So now I'll close, so now goodby.
I couldn't write if I should try;
I read your poetry every time—
You kinder sorter make it rhyme.

O. C. Swords, Arnoldsville, Ga.—Enclosed find money order for $1.20 for which myself and seven other fools want to hear you toot your gospel horn for another twelve months. The Fool-Killer, to my mind, contains more good honest truth and simple common sense than any other periodical I know of. Your "Sermon on Poetry" in the last issue was just grand. In fact, I don't know of any part of any issue I have ever read but what was like the young man said about the girls—good, better, best—none bad. Here's luck to you and the best of health to you and your wife. Keep on hitting the paper trust between the eyes. We are right with you and will send in subs occasionally to help bear the expense. So pour the juice to us. Be sure to get the next issue to these subscribers so they can begin to enjoy the truth as early as possible.

Charles Smith, Joseph's Mills, W. Va.—By mere accident a copy of The Fool-Killer fell into my hands, and I am truly delighted that it did not miss me, seeing that the editor has enlisted in one of the most difficult undertakings known to the world today. And that is, to kill the foolishness out of all the fools. It is a work that has long been neglected. As an humble token of my appreciation of your master blows, I enclose 25c. for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer.

George N. Hampton, R1, Addison, Ala.—I don't know just when my subscription expires, so I am getting up another little club. Mr. Pearson, I find that there are not many hypocrites in this community, and my reason for this decision is that they all like to read The Fool-Killer. The citizens of this community all like to have fun, and they say they are going to have that, for fun is all they ever expect to have in this old world, anyway.

Charlie Polston, McColl, S. C.—Enclosed find money order for $1.20 for eight subscribers to your paper. I borrowed one of them from a friend today and read it some, and it was so good I wanted to subscribe for it and I thought I would get you up a little club. I would be glad for everybody to read your paper, and if you will send me some sample copies I will give them out for you.

Wash Hocks says it is perfectly natural for a person to turn over after he goes to bed at night, as the world does the same thing

35 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1917. | NUMBER 12

GOSSIP IN THE PANTRY.

The Cabba e bowed her queesly head,
head,
The Ham boiled through with rage,
The Salt ran down the cellar,
For counsel with the Sage.

The old Potato winked his eye,
The Pepper sneezed a tear,
The Ginger burned up with disdain,
The Corn pricked up her ear,

The Steak alone in sympthy,
Did smother back a scoff,
The eggs were so much mortified
A dozen scrambled off.

The entire pantry neighborhood
Seemed to be all awry;
The naughty Cold-Sliced Tongue had told
A Concentrated Lye.

GOT IT FIXED!

Dear Readers:

Ever since the sickness in my family got so bad that I couldn't give my personal attention to the office work The Fool-Killer has been dragging behind and going to the bad from neglect. I have been trying all the while to find some one who could take full charge of the mechanical department and get out the paper promptly and on time without my personal attention.

At last I seem to have found a way. I will continue to edit the paper and give you the dope red-hot from the skillet, but the printing and mailing will be in charge of another man. When he once catches up he thinks it will be an easy matter to keep up.

With the other part of the work off my hands I can manage to do the writing, and do it better than I have been doing with the whole burden on me; while the office manager, having nothing to do but print and mail, can rush that part of it and keep it right up to time.

It has been a great grief to me that The Fool-Killer has had to drag behind and come out with such irregularity. I know just how you readers and club-raisers have felt about it, and I don't blame you one bit for getting restless and impatient. I know when people subscribe for a paper they want it, and they want it at the right time. No paper can prosper long if it isn't sent out that way. Indeed, I believe any other paper except The Fool-Killer would have been dead long ago under such conditions. The fact that it is still living and paying its way proves that it has wonderful vitality.

And now we are going to put this famous paper to "doing about" again in good earnest. I have made promises before, some of which I have not been able to keep, but I think you may depend on this one. Tell all your friends that The Fool-Killer is putting in a new linch-pin and belly-band and that it is going to strike its old gait again pretty soon. By early fall, or before, we expect to have the thing humming like the 100-H. P. motor of a new flying-machine.

JAMES L. PEARSON.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"Let me tell you a good one on Dock Whittle," said the mountaineer at the cross road's store. Last week Dock hitched up the old mare, piled his old woman an' kids into the wagon, an' took 'em over acrost the mounting to where the new railroad's being built, jest to see the kyars.

"None of 'em had ever seen a a railroad train. Dock, ner the ole woman an' the kids, nor the old mare either; so Dock he feels sort onoeasy. Thinkin' he be on the safe side, he onhitched the mare and tied her to a saplin; then he went back where the old woman an' the kids was settin' in the wagon in the middle of the road. Dock thinks he'l pull 'em down the road a piece so they kin see better, so he takes hold of the shafts an started; but just then Hoot! Hoot?' come that train of kyars, an jumpin' Jerushy! Dock run away with the wagon, the old woman an the kids begun to cry an holler, an away they went down the side of the mounting, and like to a-busted ever'thing to pieces.

"Dock says the old mare was the only one that wa'n't skeered plum to death, an next time he's going to leave her alone an tie hisself to a saplin.'"

HE STILL LIVES.

Here is a good story of man who was determined to commit suicide: He went to a store and purchased a rope, a cup of oil, a box of matches, a dose of arsenic and a revolver. He went down to the river and pushed the boat from the shore and rowed to where a limb hung over; saturated his clothing with the coal oil, lighted a match and set fire to his clothing, took the dose of arsenic, put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple, pushed the boat from him and pulled the trigger. But the bullet glanced and cut the rope above him and he fell ker-flop into the river; the water put the fire out, and he got strangled and coughed up the arsenic. He arose and swam out and declared himself a candidate for the legislature on the reform ticket.

An Awful Accident.

The Fool-Killer got its legs tangled up in April's whiskers, and in struggling to get loose it fell plum over into the lap of June. May was in there somewhere, but it never touched it.

SOME COURTING.

Last spring I went over to see Ointment Brown about building a joint line fence between our farms, and found him and Mrs. Ointment sitting on the front softly singing Old Hundred and putting a collar on the dog. Ointment greeted me cheerfully and remarked: "When a fambly's got eight marriageable darters on hand, it's purty good jedgment to tie up the dog on Saturday nights and give the young men the freedom of the ranch."

Mrs. Ointment snickered and remarked: 'Gee, I don't think one dog cud keep the boys away from our girls! but it's sensible to be cautious. Some young men are drefully affeard of hydrofoby when they're in love. I believe Jane's beau has got hydrofoby now, 'cause he won't drink water. He allers axes for cider—he, he, he, haw, haw!"

Katie and her young man were swinging in the hammock at the far end of the porch, so Mr. Brown said we'd go in the house to talk over business matters. In the sitting room we stumbled over Mary and young Wartnoggle sitting in the dark, so Brown led the way to the kitchen. There we found Lola and young Hooter popping corn. Brown never stopped but led the way to the parlor with a lighted lamp in his hand, for he said one who wasn't used to scenes like these might fall over a spooning couple and break a leg. In the hall we found Sarah and Jim Smutclabber sitting on a single chair, and Brown proposed to go back and get another one, but the young people giggled and told him to never mind them. Brown laughed and we shoved on into the parlor, where we found Rachel and Tom Bonnyclabber.

"Well, by the jumpin' geeze-wax!" exclaimed Brown, "we'll hafter go into the vestibule to hold our confab, 'cause every available room is ockerpide." In the vestibule we found Drucilla and Jim Jiggerbob, so we started for the second story. On the stairs we passed Bula and Ebeneezer Smucker, and in the upstairs sewing room we found Bella and Sam Watkins.

"Well, by thunder! this love makin' mill must be running full blast, with orders enough to keep her goin' till fall!" exclaimed Brown. "We'll pull for the garret." Well, would you believe it? In the attic we found Araminta and Job Cridler searching through an old trunk for a letter!

"We'll pull for the barn!" exclaimed Brown, as he turned and went down the stairway two steps at a bound. You won't believe it, but it is as true as preaching—on the steps leading up to the threshing floor we found the hired man and Mr. Brown's maiden sister studying the stars, she a pointing out the big dipper and the constellation of the big bear, and the hired man holding one hand, so she couldn't point to the heavens with both hands, and thus confuse him in following her two-handed directions.

Brown led the way past the barn and we went away out in the meadow and sat on a pine stump, but even here several young couples coming home from singing school took a near cut path through the fields and interrupted our tete-a-tete. And I declared right there, to myself of course, that if I had my choice to go to heaven, or remain young enough for 200 years to take part in a country courtship, I'd choose to remain on earth. And when, at 190 years, I felt too old to do any courting myself, I'd sit on a pine stump and watch the loving young people go by.

NO MUSICIAN IS THE MULE.

The mule has no bent for music—he has only inclination. He is not a musical bird. He was never meant to thrill great multitudes with his voice. He was never intended to lull the world to sleep just as the stars come peeing out like frightened children from behind the curtain of the skies. He was cast for some other mission in life. His voice needs half-soling.

When a mule starts to use his voice, he sticks out his nose, lays back his ears and pulls his breath in and out in a very disagreeable way. A mule draws his breath in as if there were a cow on the track and blows it out as if there were a whole herd just this side of the crossing. A person listening to a mule, even at his best, cannot help wishing that the well-meaning creature would take his voice out and have it re-seated.

Hirsute.

There was a young man in Monroe
Who wanted his mustache to groe.
Every morning at nine
He stroked the down fine
And muttered, "O, pshaw, ain't it sloe?"

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . Editor
Boomer, . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have chunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1917.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.
Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 5th day of April, 1917.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

PARAGRAPHS.

Wit, without sense, is like a razor without a handle.

Nobody but a fool will spend his time trying to convince a fool.

Nature never makes any blunders. When she makes a fool she means it.

You still have a right to say nothing, but you must be careful who hears you say it.

Did you ever see a lizzard bob his head up and down? I'll bet you can't do that.

Whosoever toteth a cat by the tail, the same is liable to get scratched.

Yes, honey, a duck with legs three feet long would still be duck-legged.

I could say something to make you cry, but you are so scandalous ugly when you cry.

Red is just as much like white as it can be, but it can't be very much like it.

While money is plenty and cheap it would be a good time to try to cat money and wear money.

If the razor-back hawg hadn't been a razor-back hawg, what do you reckon he would have been?

A man washes before he eats, and a cat washes after it eats. Is there any scripture for that?

If this fool stuff makes you laugh it does you more good than if it had sense to it. Ain't you satisfied?

If you and I looked just alike and thought just alike, there wouldn't be any use for but one of us.

For a poor man to lose his poverty would be just like a dog losing his fleas—of course it would plum spile him.

When the bottom of your foot itches right plum bad it is a sign that you are going to pull off your shoe and scratch it.

Curiosity had twins, and she named one of them "Invention" and the other one "Stick-Your-Nose-Into-Things."

A humbug is like a bladder—not worth anything until it is blowed up, and then it still ain't worth anything.

It is easier to find six men who can tell exactly how a thing ought to be done than to find one man who will go and do it.

Now just suppose that Adam, when he was naming the varmints, had calling the cow a toad-frog. I bet we never would have known the difference. But just think of milking a toad!

A WOMAN'S AIM.

The queen of Heart's she stole some darts
Right out of Cupid's quiver.
She aimed one right at Willy's heart—
But shot him through the liver.

THE WORD "CROWD."

You know how many words in the English language means crowd?

To a foreigner, anxious to master the language, it was explained, says the English publication, Answers, that a crowd of ships is termed a fleet, while a fleet of birds is called a flock.

Further a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partrides is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffins is caled a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap and a heap of oxen is call a drove, and a drove of black guards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school and a school of worshippers is called of congregation, and a congregation, of engineers is a crops, and a crops of robbers is called a band and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

A SAD MISTAKE.

Once upon a time a Methodist preacher of the old school exhorted his flock concerning the sin of vanity. He spoke from the teeth out, and put a cracker on the end of each sentence. His people squirmed on their rough benches, heads hanging, faces burning.

At the conclusion of the sermon the preacher turning the service into an "experience meeting" and called for testimony.

A lady who had long since stopped counting birthdays, but in whose breast there dwelt the fond hope of some day capturing for herself a he-man, arose in the back of the church, simpered, cleared her bean-pod throat and gave her testimony in a shrill nasal voice:

"Brother Acron, I am so glad you spoke on this subject. I feel as though it was a special message to me, for I have often been guilty of this sin of vanity. Only this morning when I dressed for church I stood in front of my mirror and thought how pretty I was."

Then she sat down.

The old preacher thrust his head forward and glared at the lady over the top of his spectacles. Then slowly the frown faded and gave place to a broad, worldy grin.

"Sister," he said, "let not your heart be troubled. The Lord never condemns us for a mistake in judgment.

IKE'S TALK.

Me and Sal had anuther fuss tuther da over a nickle that I made in a knife swap with Frank White. I had a plum good little Barlow knife, but hit wuz so soft that hit wusn't no 'count. an Sal sed fer me tu try tu swap hit off.

I went to mill one da, and while I wuz busy talkin, tellin sum fellers what a grate country ole United States wuz, and how me and President Wilson wuz er givin the folks about the best government they'd ever struck, Frank White (he's Mr. Geo. White's Frank, he's not maried yit) was thar tu.

But I don't much think he fetched wheat; if he fetched anything hit wuz corn, I'm purty shore. Well, while my wheat wuz a grindin, he took me way out up the creek and showed me a nickel, and sed he had hit and one more that his paw kept fer him. Quick as I seed his nickel I bantered him fur a knife swap. Well I showed him his'n and he showed me mine. His'n wuz a better knife than mine. Hit wuz a double-bladed one, but hit only had one blade, fur the big blade wuz broke out, and the little blade wusn't no count.

After sum little parleying and pretending like we didn't care whather we swapped or not, like folks allers does when they're jist dead tu trade, he agreed at last that if I'd not say nuthin tu his paw about hit, that he'd give me my knife fer his'n and the nickel to boot. I agree to the propisition and the deal was closed. They wuz sunshine in my sole.

Of course I oughtn't tu a told Sal about that nickel, but you know what er fool a feller is when he hain't got any sense. So I told hit and right thar the trouble started. I don't remember everything that took place fer the next half hour, but she said things and acted queer that hit hurt my feelins and my shins and scratched up my face and made a grate big knot on the side of my head.

But I don't guess she got that nickel fer I know she did. She waited till my senses wuz locked up in slumber, then fer one brief instant them long fingers of hern groped in among the nails and strings and baccer tags of my britches pockets and "Lo, the deal wuz closed."

Next mornin I took the sprout-in hoe and went a rabbit hunting and while I wuz gone she took that nickel of mine and went to Zero Mull's store and give hit fer snuff and tobacco and coffee and meat and sugar, and what wuz over she took in 'lasses and kerosene oil.

I hear sum grumbling about short crops this year. Our crops is good; we may not make corn enuf to do us, but Sal lows we'll make sum cotton tu sell. IKE.

FATE.

It's been my observation in
This world of strife and worry,
You always break your shoestring when
You're in the biggest hurry.

STRANGE HOW WE LIVE.

Nailed by the nail trust,
Steered by the beef trust,
Interested by the banking trust,
Bound by the book trust,
Strapped by the harness trust,
Pinched by the shoe trust,
Soled by the leather trust,
Doped by the drug trust,
Skinned by the doctors' trust,
Plugged by the dentist's trust,
Cracked by the glass trust,
Soaked by the water trust,
Pasted by the flour trust,
Kneaded by the bread trust,
Salted by the salt trust,
Peppered by the spice trust,
Sanded by the sugar trust,
Jammed by th trolley trust,
Plastered by the plaster trust,
Punched by the slating trust,
Squeezed by the corset trust,
Stitched by the machine trust,
Smoked by the tobacco trust,
Roasted by the coal trust,
Scratched by the match trust,
Aired by the gas trust,
Chilled by the ice trust,
Cleaned by the soap trust,
Skimmed by the milk trust,
Boxed by the glove trust,
Trusted by no trust.

MODEST.

The man with the double chin and side whiskers stepped into the sanctum this morning, and offered the editor his hand.

"So you're the editor, eh? Huh! Younger lookin' feller than I thought you was. Gettin' bald though, I see. Wear your hat too much in the house. I've heard right smart of you, but I never met you before. You've got a nice place here; plenty light. Huh! Right warm, ain't it? I declare, the ground's too hard to plow. Wears the mules out. Need rain. Huh! I just come in to get you to put a little piece in the paper. It's about my girl Jennie. She married a Jinks from over the other side of the river—one of old Sam Jinks' boys. You maybe know him. No? Huh! They moved out to Oklahomy. Doin' right well. Jennie she's just been elected delegate to some sort of big State meetin'. That there piece tells about it. She cut it out of a Oklahomy paper. Ain't but about a column of it. I'd like for you to print it. Folks round here would like to read it. I've got another little piece here too. It's a poem. Forty verses of it. My youngest boy—that's Tom—he wrote it, and he ain't but nine, come July. I'd like for you to print it, too. It'll help to fill up space. En, say, the old woman wanted me get a bundle of old papers to put under the carpet. If you've got any lyin' around, I'll just take 'em out of your way. Thank ye. Now, if I had a string to put around 'em? That's the idee. Well, I'll get along. No, I ain't a subscriber. My boy Jack, he takes it. He lives across the creek, 'bout three miles from me, and I read his paper. Well, I'll get along. Good day, Sir."

IT TICKLED HER DAD.

A lady whose years were not tender
Eloped with a fellow named Bender;
Her mother was mad,
But it tickled her dad,
And he laughed till he broke a suspender.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

THE BOOK-AGENTS DEFEAT.

The book-agent had hitched his horse and put on the feed bag, and it looked as if he was meditating an extended call at the farm-house.

He advanced upon the old lady in the doorway with an engaging smile.

"Good morning, madam," he began.

"Morning,"

"Lovely weather we're having, is'nt it?"

"Fair to middling,"

"I have here," continued the book-agent, opening his case, "the greatest work ever pub——'"

"Hev, eh? Wall, 'taint fer me to say but what ye hev, fer you ought to know best, an' I don't doubt but what you do, fer you're a kinder honest looking chap, sorter like that nevvy o' Jane Smithson's—her that was a Prescott, 'fore she took up with an' married Silas Smithson, the biggest good fer-nothing that ever wore shoes—an' he was a real honest decent feller an' would ben livin' here today in peace an' plenty, if he hadn't gone down to New York and started in writin' stories which nearly broke his mother's heart, fer she'd always plotted to make a fust-class farmer o' him, so's he could raise the mortgage on the old place some day or other. But there was a feller along here last week and said the same thing you say about what he was selling',—short feller he was, with darkish hair and eyes, and two front teeth missin' 'leastways, I b'leeve was two gone, an' a mole on his chin, a leetle to the left, mebbee you know him?—waal, he said that his book was the greatest ever published in this country or Europe of Africa or Polynesia, so I called in my Josh from the timber lot——and how he did kick agin comin', bein' just then in the middle of a perlitical discussion with Squire Davis, who has what people calls senatorial respirations—which he may have, so fur's I know, for he was always kinder weak chested an' skinney as a boy. I remember and when my John did git from the timber lot, he no sooner picked up the book than he sez, sez he, 'This is the same durn thing that Lizzie Hunt bought of a feller last month,' he sez. An so, thinks I, if Liz Hunt, who never did have much sense, comin' of a family which is said to have a bit o' insanity in it, comin' down f'um one o' their ancestors which got hurted when a boy an' never—"

But the book-agent was disappearing towards the buggy, in a cloud of dust.

MATRIMONY.

What is marriage?

Marriage is an institution for the blind.

When a man thinks seriously of marriage what happens?

He remains single.

When a girl refers to a "sad courtship" what does she mean?

She means that the man got away.

Is an engagement as good as marriage?

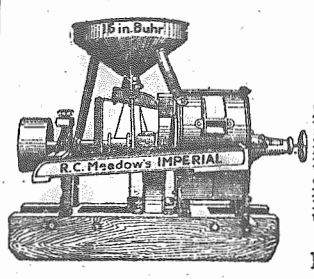
It's better.

Why does a bride wear a veil?

So that she may conceal her satisfaction.

When a man says he can manage his wife what does he mean?

He means he can make her do anything she wants to.



IMPERIAL

IRON FRAME CORN MILL

Turns out perfect corn meal, is economical, and will last a lifetime. It is the best mill you can buy, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Is fitted with the famous Kowan white flint buhrs and is the latest improved. It is well built throughout, and the iron frame gives it extra strength. Has cleaning fan which insures nice clean bread. Mill sold directly from factory to user. Not in any trust. Complete mill $36.50 and up. Write today for prices and catalogue.

R. C. MEADOWS,
Box S, Poors Knob, North Carolina

THE TRIAL OF LEARY.

Joseph M. Patterson, Chicago's Millionaire novelist, was discussing a judge whom he believed to be corrupt.

"The way he conducted that trial," said Patterson bitterly, "reminded me of the trial of Red-face Leary, the Tombstone horse thief.

"There was tremendous excitement in Tombstone when Red-face was captured. A dozen men were hustled into the poker room of the Lone Dog and commanded to consider themselves a jury and to pass a verdict on the notorious thief.

"The men went into the accusations pretty thoroughly. There was no evidence against Red-face in this case. He was a villian, but in strict justice they must pronounce him innocent at this time.

"After banging a long time on the poker room door—the town was full of noise and excitement—the jury were let out. They found themselves in the bar amid a crowd of boisterous citizens'

"'What your verdict, gents?" Judge Townsend asked.

"'Not guilty,' said the foreman.

"An ominous, growling sound arose. Frowning glances were exchanged. Bronzed hands fingered pistol butts nervously.

"'Not guilty, eh?' said the judge. He bit his lip and hesitated in a puzzled way. Then he smiled and said:

"'Gents, you'll have to go back to the poker room and reconsider that there verdict o' yourn.'

"'That's right! Back with 'em! The fools!' roared the crowd.

"And the jury was thrust unceremoniously back into the poker room again.

"They knew now what was expected of them, and they soon came forth and declared that they found Red-face Leary guilty.

"At this a murmur of relief passed round the bar, and the judge said contentedly:

"'Guilty, eh? Well, that's more like it. Gentlemen of the jury, you can now disperse. We hanged the prisoner two hours ago.'"

If flies have a language, and there are any cuss-words in it, what do you reckon they say when they get caught on the fly-paper?

If you never had seen anybody with clothes on, you wouldn't be a bit ashamed to go naked. It's all just a habit, like everything else.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph County, N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book, which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.

YOU'LL Get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. World-Wide Card Club, Dept. F. K., King, N. C.

THE PARADOX.

All living is a paradox. The last is ever first.
'Tis eating gives you appetite and drinking gives you thirst.

'Tis the wearing of the tissues that makes the tissues grow.
'Tis by using strength you get it. Lack of knowledge makes you know.

The man who knows it all is he who knows a little part.
The only job completed is the one you never start.

The brain that is creating is created as it acts.
The airiest of francies is the solidest of facts.

The more you give of love or hate he more the heart retains.
The dearest joys are partners of the cruelest of pains.

You die a thousand deaths to live and only live to die.
At all the jokes Fate plays on you, you laugh until you cry.

And when you've drowned your Sorrow, Sorrow lives to slay your mirth.
Till of life you've lost possession—then, of course, you own the earth.

FREE ADVICE.

Gentlemen, I have a sad case to deal with this week. I have a letter from a girl named Juliette. She writes:

"Dear Sir:—

I love a young man, oh, so well! His mother has promised him a new automobile if he does not get married in five years. I am now twenty-eight years old. What can I do to win him?"

This is a very, very sad case. Can't you imitate an automobile, to some extent, Juliette? When he takes your hand in his, start up and suddenly pull back and wheeze! Or when you are going along stop all at once and purr as though you were running down or unravelling! Or when you are walking along with him, all at once turn off short, whistle and pitch him into the ditch, and walk on him some. Say, choo, choo, choo, each choo a little fainter than its predecessor. Where the ground is a little rough you might steer him into a rut and surge against him hard enough to knock him off his balance and then murmur something about not seeing it in time to put on slow speed. All these things count and will tend to make him keep his mind on you, as well as the auto. Tell him you are exhausting, and that your sparker is crossed on your carburetter; that you think your speedometer is bent and that your reverse gear seems to be displaced. A young man wants some one to talk to him learnedly about an auto and it may be you can divert his thoughts from the old lady temporarily, at least.

Tell him an auto is built for two, and that he will need your advice in running it if he gets one, and try to get him secured before the old lady comes down with the ashes. If she thinks enough of him to get him an auto now she will get it anyway.

If you can get the marriage certificate before his mother signs the mortgage on her home to pay for the auto, perhaps you can save the home and then buy a perambulator next year.

You were born at least 10 years too soon to get a cinch in a handicap novelty race now, Juliette. Anyhow you must take some desperate chances. If he should become coy you might learn to throw a lasso and rope him on the run. It is said to be great sport and you might enchant him with your dexterity. If you ever get hold of him, hang on. At your age this is the safest plan, for failure means misery. Your prospective mother-in-law has taken a very unfair advantage of you to begin with. When an old maid is thrown into the balance with an automobile the chances are all with the auto unless a lot of finesse is practiced.

Along with the foregoing question, comes one from a man who can't keep his chickens from roosting in the trees. He wants the thing explained to him. The reasons chickens roost in trees is because they think they imagine they are getting free lodging there. Get this idea out of their heads and they'll change quick.

A chicken always labors under the impression that she must pay box rent in stables where there are nests, and so they deposit an egg every now and them if they are liberal. Lots of hens are like people, they are not liberal, wont pay rents, and so they take to the trees. A good scheme is to take the nests out of the stable and put them in the trees. The liberal hearted chickens will then come to the house and lay on the ash-hopper, while the others will take advantage of the free hen house. Another way to keep the chickens out of trees is to put the trees up on telephone poles where the fowls can't get to them without a step-ladder.

Fool-Killer Recipes.

1. To keep your feet dry on rainy days: Stand on your head.

2. The best way to mind a baby: Do everything he tells you.

3. How to get soda water or candy for nothing: Persuade somebody else to buy it for you.

4. How to make a dollar go a long ways: Put it in an envelope address it to somebody in the Sandwich Islands and mail it.

5. How to go West at no expense whatever: Turn your back on the East and walk straight ahead.

6. To avoid swallowing watermelon seeds and cherry stones: Eat no fruit but bananas or apples.

7. To learn to dance in one lesson: Walk on the hot sand at the seashore at midday in mid summer barefooted.

8. The surest method of remembering dates: Fix them firmly in your mind, and don't forget them.

Philosophy.

A setting hen will not grow fat,
But then what in the dickens
Would anybody care for that
If she just hatches chickens.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Once on a time—oh long ago,
When all the world was young,
The sea was made of lemonade,
And the land of chewing gum.

The birds were built of peppermint
And lived in sugar trees,
And there were no arithmetics,
Or slates or geog'a'phees!

A little boy and a little girl
Ruled as a king and queen—
They put the old folks into jail
Whenever they were mean;

Then the boys could play all day,
And stay out in the rain,
And never swallowed horried stuff,
Nor no one had a pain;

And no one had to brush his hair,
or even wear a hat—
Oh how I wish I'd only lived
In such a time as that.

A SURGICAL WONDER

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Old Lady Science is marching on. She has just stuck one more big buzzard feather in her calico bonnet.

Up at the Rocky D. Oilyfeller Institute in New York where medical and surgical science blooms more freely and bears a bigger crop of sensations than anywhere else in the world—there it is that they have stuck the peg one hole higher.

It's got so now that they can just whittle a fellow all up fine and put him back together with his head in his mouth, and he will never know the difference unless he gets choked on hair.

The firm of Sawbones & Company have got limb-grafing down as fine as frog-hair, and nowhere can they carve up a man so successfully as at the Rocky hangout. The fame of that powerful institution had drawn together a great number of the halt and the lame. Among the number was a preacher, a lawyer, a farmer, a dude, a drummer, a blacksmith, an editor and a tramp. These men were almost complete physical wrecks but it happened that each one had just one sound limb or part and each man's sound place was in a different part of him.

So the wise Rocky doctors got these poor fellows on their carving tables and began to carve and saw, like a butcher cutting up an old steer. They cut out and throwed away all the diseased parts, and when they took an inventory they had just enough remnants to make one man. They were a little shy on brains, and had a little more belly than they needed, so they hashed up some of the belly and put it in for brains.

Then they began to assemble the parts. They took the head of the preacher, put into it all the brain matter they could scrape up, and then whanged it onto the chest of the drummer with a leather string. Then they took the heart of the lawyer, and the stomach and bowels of the farmer, and put them in place. Their stock of arms consisted of the left arm of the blacksmith and the right arm of the editor, and these were soon attached. Then they had one leg of the dude and one leg of the tramp, and it was only the work of a few minutes to get them spliced on at the proper place.

And thus the composite man was finished The doctors all gathered around and looked on in great admiration. Their new creation had the appearance of being just a little bit out of proportion in some places, but they thought he would get over that in a few days. So they got an oil can and oiled his bearings thoroughly, put some clothes on him and told him to get up. He yawned and sat up on the table and looked around the room sorter funny.

"How do you feel?" inquired one of the doctors.

"I feel like a bowl of mule hash with dog hair in it," replied the man.

"Do you know who you are?" asked another doctor.

"No, I ain't been introduced to myself yet," said the man.

Then they put him to bed and allowed him to sleep a few hours, after which he felt better. After a few days rest and recuperation they told him he was well enough to go home.

"Where in the Tom Walker will I go to?" exclaimed the new man in alarm. "My head lives in Boston and elsewhere; my heart lives in New York; my stomach lives in Virginia; my left arm lives in Pittsburg and my right arm in Philadelphia; my left leg lives at Newport and Fifth Avenue, and my right leg ain't got no home. Now ain't you fellers got me into a devil of a fix?"

Whereupon the pieced-up man marched angrily out of the room, and the next day the papers stated that he had killed himself by trying to follow all of his trades at once. His mouth wanted to preach; his heart wanted to tell lies; his stomach wanted to plow and eat corn bread and bacon; his left hand wanted a hammer and his right hand was crazy for a pen; his left leg wanted to strut and dance and his right leg didn't want to do anything much. And thus the conflicting desires in his person caused him to fly all to pieces, and they buried him in a back lot just as the sun went down, and on the gray slab that marks the spot they chiseled these solemn lines:

"Poor Mr. Pieced-Up Man,
His fate is hard to tell;
Perhaps some of him went to heaven,
And maybe some to hell."

Alco Hall.

A man who made his money in New England selling liquor built an imposing hou se out of the profits.

He wanted a name for the house. So he went to a friend skilled in such things and told him of his need. "I want a fancy name," he said—"some hall or other, you know."

"Sure," said the friend. "Call it Alcohol."

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you get a copy of this paper, look it over carefully, then pass it around. Send in a big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 8 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1917. | NUMBER 1

MY NEW MESSAGE

Dear Readers:

If you notice some changes in the editorial manner and style of The Fool-Killer this month, do not be surprised. I have had these changes in mind for some time, but until recently I had not finally decided when the changes would occur.

For more than seven years now The Fool-Killer has been running, and it has become widely known as a "funny paper." Well, a funny paper is all right in its place, and I believe The Fool-Killer has been of real service to its readers in the way of providing them with some harmless amusement. A good laugh is often better than medicine.

But since I started this "funny paper" in January, 1910, great changes have come about in the world. The year 1913 and back of it is ancient history now. The world is not the same and will never be the same again. New problems are before us and new ways of meeting them must be found.

The mental attitude of the human race has been revolutionized, and amusement that were proper enough in those happier days seem utterly out of place now. The world is feeling the need of getting away from its mere amusement and grappling with the grim realities of these awful times.

During all these years through which I have been making a monkey of myself to tickle the crowd, I have had hidden away deep within my heart a more serious message that I wanted to deliver. But the world was not ready for my serious message then. It would not stop to listen or notice me unless I stood on my head and cut fool capers to make it laugh.

But, as I said, things are changed now. The world is getting sober enough to listen. And I feel impressed with the duty of taking off the cap and bells and getting down to something that may be at once a warning and a comfort to my fellow men in this trying hour.

I have some ideas about the Great War and what it means to the world that will very likely be new to most of my readers. I don't expect every one to agree with me, but even if you disagree, I will give you something to think about.

POURED OUT INTO THE AIR.

"And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air."—Rev. 16:12.

The above is one of those mysterious sayings of Revelation which no man could understand until now. But now even a child cannot fail to see the meaning.

Look!

Think!

What does it mean?

Is anything strange or unusual happening in the air these days?

Certainly—the Flying-Machine.

There never was such a thing in the air until recent years. The inventive genius of the world worked for generations on the problem of mechanical flight, and for a long time such efforts were regarded as a joke. It seemed certain that men would never get smart enough to fly.

All at once the right combination was hit upon, and men began to fly. How simple and easy it looked, and then the world began to wonder why it had never been done before.

And men said the flying machine was another great victory for civilization. It was another long step toward universal peace and the perfection of the race. We were going to have a man-made paradise right away.

But the next thing we heard was somebody planning how the airplane could be made useful in war. And it has been in that direction that most of the new developments in flying have since been made.

It seems that men value any new invention or discovery only in proportion as it can be used in war.

And now they are saying that the flying machine is to be the deciding weapon in the present world war. The side that can launch the most fighting-machines into the air and drop the most bombs will be the winner.

And so the air over the battle lines in Europe is already black with flying-machines, and getting blacker every day. Just look! Just imagine! Great flocks of these terrible winged engines of death and destruction "poured out into the air."

The United States government is planning to make tens of thousands of airplanes for use in France. We are helping to do the pouring of this "last plague"—the last of the "seven vials of the wrath of God."

Look out, old world!

Yes sir, The Fool-Killer is back in the ring good and strong. Now just watch it stir up the sleepy-heads.

THE BIBLE.

Most everybody are familiar with the outside appearance of a book called the Bible. It can be found (usually covered with dust) in nearly every home. But mighty few people these days know or care anything about the inside of it.

And still we boast about being a "great Christian nation." What sort of grounds do we have for such a boast? And where does the Bible come in—or does it come in at all?

There is just one of two things certain. Either the Bible is just an ordinary human book, or it isn't. If it is just an ordinary human book, then why don't some present-day writer produce one as good—or better? On the other hand, if it is in some way an inspired book, containing divine truths that are of vital importance to the human race today, then why on earth don't we pay more attention to it?

It don't matter what you believe about it, a fact is a fact, and all your believing can't change it. If the old Bible prophets didn't have some far-reaching means of looking into the future and knowing what was going to happen, then they certainly were the best off-hand guessers that ever lived. They actually did foretell things that have since come to pass, and things that are coming to pass right before our noses every day. But these predictions were usually veiled in mysterious phraseology and hidden figures of speech so that they could not be understood until the time was ripe for the things to happen. And even then they are not understood by the world in general. In Daniel 12:10 we read:

"Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand."

Reader, where do you belong, among the wicked or among the wise? If you will just stop and think, and look over the world today, your own common sense is bound to convince you that the world is rushing headlong and blindly into some terrible doom. Then if it is true that the Bible prophets can throw any light on this thing, hadn't we better stop, and look, and listen? What do you think about it, anyhow?

No, I didn't say it was the end of Time. I said it was the end of the Age. The Gentiles Dispensation is closing and Millennial Age is right at the door.

COME DOWN.

This business of trying to spiritualize everything and put it all away up in the skies is what has caused so much confusion about the teaching of the Bible.

If we could just get it into our heads that the Bible is a book written for the people living on this earth, and that everything it says applies to this earth, that would simplify matters a whole lot and give the Book a new interest to many people.

Let's get our minds out of the clouds and see what the Bible says about this identical earth we are living on—right here and right now.

THE "SEALS" ARE BEING OPENED.

Above all the disorder of earth there is a divine order, and God has an appointed time for everything to happen. The Bible very plainly tells us that the nations of earth will get so rich, proud, vain, corrupt and oppressive that they will have to be wiped out. And it gives actual dates and tells just when these things are due to begin. But God ordered His prophets to "seal up" these things "until the time of the end." That is, they were to be represented in types and figures of speech that could not be understood until the time was ripe for them.

Read the 12th chapter of Daniel. Take notice that the prophet received a message and wrote it down, and yet he did not know himself what it meant. So he says:

"And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?"

Then listen to the answer Daniel got:

"And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed to the time of the end."

That time has now come, and many dark sayings of prophecy that have been sealed up and hidden from past generations are now being made plain. The time of the end is here, and the "Seals" are being opened. These things don't need any outside proof—they are proving themselves right before your eyes today.

Now don't go off and accuse me of trying to start some new "ism." It isn't new at all. It is right there in your Bible, and it has been there all the time. What are you going to do about it?

Now hurry them clubs along. We are ready to handle all you can send.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . Editor
Boomer, . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty leventh cousin to any other paper on Earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockfeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1917.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 5th day of April, 1917.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

PARAGRAPHS.

Brute force always ends by blowing its own head off.

The pot that boils over puts out the fire. The war-pot is now boiling over and we hear an awful sputtering in the fire that made it boil. It dies hard, but it dies.

How would you like to see the Garden of Eden restored and extended over all the earth? Well, that is exactly what is going to happen pretty soon. Yes, sir.

Great armies and navies have been built up to defend and preserve the lives of nations. But they have gotten beyond the control of their makers and will now destroy the very things they were meant to protect.

We hear a great deal of big talk these days about what the different governments are going to do "after the war." Poor blind things! So far as most of them are concerned, there will not be any "after the war."

The Turk has always been in league with the devil and fighting against everything good. Germany is fighting with the Turk, therefore Germany is on the wrong side and must go down. Woe unto any power that takes sides with Turkey in this struggle.

NO WINGS ON ME.

There! I jist knowed some of you wild-and-wooly folks would bust out in a big laugh and say Pearson has got to be a "saint" all at once and gone to "preaching."

But you've got the wrong sow by the ear again, and so you have. I ain't nary bit better than I have been all the time, and I ain't had any "visions" nor "revelations" like the religious fanatics sometimes claim to have. Lots of people don't have any confidence in the visions and revelations that these fanatics have, and I confess that I am sorter skittish about them myself. They sometimes over-do the thing so far that it makes the whole business smell sorter fishy, and I don't wonder that people shy from it.

But the charge of being a "religious fanatic" can't be brought against me. I am just an ordinary "man of the world," and I have often been warned by the orthodox people that I was headed straight for hell on high gear.

So you see it ain't "wings" nor any sort of personal "goodness" that has caused me to utter all these remarks about the present world-upheaval. No sir! It is because these things have come so plain that even a worldly man like myself cannot fail to see them. So if you don't have any confidence in the religious fanatics when they sound forth their warnings of impending doom, maybe you will listen to an ordinary sinful cuss like me. Surely I could have no reason for saying these things except that they are true.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Now, dear readers and friends, this is a personal letter to you. I want you to regard it as just as personal and just as important as if I had written it direct on my typewriter and mailed it to you in a sealed envelope under a two-cent stamp.

What do you think of the line of talk I am giving you this time? If you believe my New Message contains something that the people ought to read and think about, then I want you to appoint yourself as a missionary to help spread it among your friends. Tote this issue around in your pocket and read it to people you meet and ask them what they think about it. You will find more people thinking along these lines than you might suppose. And if you happen to strike a few who have not yet begun to think on these things, this paper will wake them up and put them to thinking.

The whole human race today is aware of the fact that this old earth is passing through a great crisis, and that SOMETHING of far-reaching consequences to the people must be the result. The human mind is in a questioning attitude, wondering if this really is the end, and the old cut-and-dried conceptions of what is going to happen in the wind-up are being changed rapidly.

Hence the time is ripe for this New Message, and I want you to help me spread it into every nook and corner of this broad land. It is going to take a great deal of money to run this thing under present conditions. Print paper costs about twice what it formerly did, and some kind of war tax (in the form of postage or otherwise) is going to fall heavily on all publishers. And besides that, I am constantly needing to add new machinery and office equipment to handle the business. You folks hustle up the clubs and I'll furnish the chin-music till everything goes easy.

Shall I Change Its Name?

The Fool-Killer has actually been "born again." It has been changed and regenerated in everything but its name. It has been lifted out of the cheap fun-and-foolishness class and has become a paper with a solemn purpose—a voice of warning and counsel and comfort to a stricken world.

Therefore the rough-sounding name that this paper has borne through all these years now strikes me as being somewhat out of harmony with the paper's present style and purpose. If it is the wish of a majority of my readers I will consider changing the name to something more appropriate. I have thought of "Good News" as a more fitting name. What do you say? Let me have a suggestion from every one of my 40,000 readers.

Not to kill the fool, but to kill out his foolishness and make him wise—that is the object of this paper. "The wise shall understand."

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is, some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this first issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it, I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just ought to watch his capers.

STANDS FOR SOMETHING.

One more time in its life this paper stands for something. It has quit drifting around, and is now driving straight ahead toward a definite goal. It is not hunting for popularity, but seeking to deliver a Message.

The Fool-Killer scattered smiles and helped the world to have a good time as long as that was possible. And then it just drifted for awhile. For the past two years it has merely been "marking time," and doing a mighty poor job of that.

But now, after carefully surveying the whole terrible situation, it has rolled up its sleeves and gone to work again. From now on it aims to be a voice of warning and counsel and comfort to a stricken world.

And now is the time for you to also roll up YOUR sleeves and help The Fool-Killer get its New Message before the people.

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

How people professing to be Bible students could have gone on through all these years and failed to see one of the plainest truths taught in the Bible, is a mystery to me.

Ask the average man what he thinks about Palestine and the Jews, and he will look surprised and tell you he didn't know it was necessary for him to know or care anything about such things.

But the fact is, the Jew is the key to all Bible prophecy. Take the Jew out of prophecy and you have a wheel without a hub—a circumference without a center. You take all the meaning out of everything.

But take the Jew for a key, and the door of mystery opens and everything becomes plain and reasonable.

We are taught that the Jews were once God's chosen people Nearly everybody believes that. But the general belief is that on account of their sin and disobedience they were rejected and cast aside forever—that they will never be restored to favor again.

But that is a big mistake. If language means anything we are plainly told that the rejection of Israel was only temporary and that a time will come when they will be restored to favor, gathered back to their own land and established as a nation again. These promises of a future restoration of the Jews to their own Land of Promise (Palestine) are so numerous that I can't quote all of them, but I want to give you a few of the plainest ones. And bear in mind that these predictions could not have been fulfilled in the return from the captivity of Babylon, as some people think. On the other hand, it is clearly an event yet future.

Let Jeremiah have the floor just a minute:

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.—Jer. 23:5.

For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee: though I make a full end of all the nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee: yet will I correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.—Jer. 30:11.

In those days, and in that time, I will cause the Branch of righteousness to grown up unto David, and He shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land.—Jer. 33:15.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock.—Jer. 31:10.

For, lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah, and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it.—Jer. 30:3.

And it shall come to pass that like as I have watched over them, to pluck up, and to break down, and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict, so will I watch over them to build and to plant saith the Lord.—Jer. 31:28.

Behold I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them in mine anger, and in my fury, and in great wrath; and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely.—Jer. 32:37.

Not only Jeremiah, but Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos, and all of the prophets are full of these restoration promises. And they are not talking about something away up in the skies, either. The words have reference to literal earthly Palestine and to the literal earthly Israelites.

Oh, yes, we might wave all these things lightly aside and say maybe there is no truth in all that prophecy business—maybe the prophets didn't know anything about it.

But hold on!

I would like to see you get around the fact that these things are actually coming to pass today. You can read about them in your papers and magazines any day. Everybody knows about the great Zionist movement among the Jews for getting possession of Palestine and setting up a Jewish nation. Everybody knows, also, that the Allied nations in the war are in sympathy with such a plan for the Jews and have already promised them Palestine for their own as soon as the Turks are driven out.

Just the other day I saw it stated in a newspaper that a commission from the United States was soon to be sent to Palestine, and that the act would be the first step toward a recognition of the new Palestine government.

Thus the prophets and the newspapers agree exactly, and the thing is absolutely certain. One of the hidden purposes of this Great War is to drive the Turk out of Palestine and given the Chosen People free access to their Land of Promise. Germany is fighting with the Turk and against the Chosen People, and therefore Germany is doomed to defeat.

Don't take my word for anything; just keep your eye on Palestine and the Jews.

Is the Kaiser the Antichrist?

According to prophecy there is to be a personal Antichrist in the world before the end of the Age, and it begins to look to me a good deal like the German Kaiser may be the man. The Antichrist is to make a covenant with somebody, and then he is to break the covenant and begin a reign of terror such as was never before known in the world. That fits Germany just like a nigger's hunting-shirt.

Mind you, I don't say for certain that the Kaiser IS the Antichrist. For some reason it looks like he might be, but there are also some predictions about the Antichrist that don't seem to fit the Kaiser. Just wait and watch. If the Kaiser is the Antichrist, the war will end about the first of February, 1918.

The little country of Palestine will not hold all of united and restored Israel, but it will serve as a seat of government where their once-rejected King can sit and rule the world in righteousness. Just a little while longer to wait.

Read this paper to all your neighbors and ask them what they think about it. Start a discussion on the subject and let every feller express his opinion. That's the way to advertise the paper and spread its circulation.

Club Rates.

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The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on eight years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

CONCERNING SOCIALISM

For several years I have been a man without a party. When the Republican party got so rotten that I couldn't endure it any longer, I looked around for some other party that I could afford to cast my lot with. The Socialist party was the only thing in sight. It wasn't what I wanted by a good deal, but it seemed to stand for more of the things I stood for than any other party, hence I naturally became sorter chummy with it.

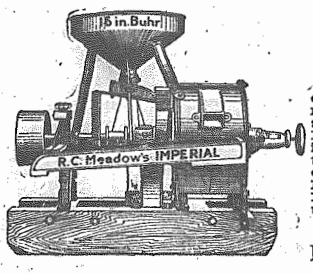
But the more closely I became associated with the leaders of the Socialist party, the more I became convinced that they were also a set of blind leaders trying to lead the blind. True, they were trying to lead toward better things than the other parties, but their methods of getting there were just about as crazy as the rest. Professing great liberality and breadth of vision, I found them every bit as narrow and hidebound as any of the other gangs.

Of the few "leading Socialists" whom I have met personally, most of them did not impress me favorably. While giving all honor to the great ideals for which the party stands, I am forced to believe that the cause suffers severely by having such advocates. Most of them are the wildest sort of cranks, with an over-abundance of cock-sureness and no tact at all. Give such agitators the best cause in the world, and they will drive people away from it instead of winning them. That, in my opinion, explains why the Socialist party has not grown more rapidly.

But there are other and greater reasons why I cannot fully cast my lot with the Socialists and let them do my thinking for me. These reasons cannot all be explained in one article, but they will continue to appear in these columns month after month.

Read this issue of The Fool-Killer, and the next, and the next, and keep on reading it. No matter what brand of politics you have been feeding your ignorance on, these pages will be a healthy change of diet for you.

After all, it may turn out that the English-speaking people of the world, and probably some of the other Allied nations, are the Lost Tribes of Isreal. If so, they are to be restored to God's special favor, and their future will be glorious. We know that the Kaiser is fighting against one of the Houses of Israel (the Jews), and it may be that he is fighting against both. If that be so, woe unto him!



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GENERAL SMASH.

Germany believes—or pretends to believe—that God is leading her, and that she is going to conquer and subdue the whole world. The nations in arms against Germany are just as positive that God is leading them to a great victory. And if there were several other sides and angles to the war, they would all claim God and victory on their side.

But they are all badly mistaken. Of course it is a foregone conclusion that Germany must go down. Even the Kaiser knows it, but he is too stubborn to admit it. But it isn't so easy nor agreeable for us to admit that OUR SIDE must also go down in defeat. We would like to be fed up on pleasant predictions about how much greater and grander our nation will be after the war.

But don't you believe it. I tell you these great nations have all had their day, and the time is ripe for them all to go to smash. They had grown so rich and powerful, so proud and wicked, that they had to be humbled, and God is letting them humble each other. God is not taking any sides in it, but only PERMITTING these wicked nations of earth to destroy each other.

Look at Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome—the four great world-empires represented by the image with the head of gold in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Just as they were predicted to come they came and had their day, and passed off the stage. No doubt each, while in the height of its glory, expected to go on forever. They could see no reason why their power and dominion should ever cease. But pride goeth before a fall, and they all bit the dust. Only the last one (Rome) still exists in a weakened condition as the Roman Catholic Church. It is represented by the feet of the image made of iron and clay—a mixture of church and state.

There is no provision in the divine plan for any fifth world-empire until God gets ready to establish one of His own, and so Germany's attempt to subdue the world and rule it is doomed to failure. If the Germans had been students of prophecy they never would have attempted such a thing.

But there had to be some means of getting these wicked nations out of the way, and Germany was the powder-house that started the explosion that will blow every nation into oblivion. To change the figure, Germany is the Samson among nations, and as she goes down to her death she is going to pull down the other nations with her.

But there is a ray of light and hope through the gloom and darkness. The destruction of these man-made governments does not mean that the earth is to go back forever into the jungle state and lose all the good things that civilization has produced. Oh, no! It is only clearing away the rubbish and making room for a better government, under which we may live in unbroken peace and happiness. The prophecy goes on to say:

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."—Dan. 2:44.

That kingdom of God is not to be away up in the skies somewhere, and in some far distant time. It is to be right here on this earth, and it is being established right now. This is the End and the Beginning—the Dark Hour just before the dawn of the New Day.

Creel and His Job.

I don't know very much about Mr. George Creel who has been placed at the head of the Public Utterance Bureau in Washington. I have seen his picture in the magazines and rather like his looks. He is a young newspaper man with a very pleasing face and don't look as if he would be a tyrant.

But still it is rather uncertain just what powers are to be put into Creel's hands, or how he will use them. If Creel has his own way about it I believe he will be reasonable. But if he is only a monkey-wrench in the hands of some higher power to put the screws on the press, there is no telling how tight they may be put on.

Under the circumstances I can't be quite certain that I will be permitted to express my views about the war and what it means to the world. If the results that I predict are not such as the government hopes for, it may use the blue pencil on me—or something worse.

I have no desire to wilfully violate any government regulation, and so far as possible I will govern myself by the rules laid down for me. But I know in the outset that some of the predictions I will have to emphasize in my New Message are not going to be as rosy-colored for Uncle Sam as he would like, hence he may not want to tote them in his saddle-pockets.

After all, there is no use to cuss the governments and the officials. They are all the creatures of circumstance, and the powers of darkness are leading them blindfolded to their destruction. The devil has been the supreme power among the governments of earth, but his time is about up. That's why he is kicking up such a furious fuss right now. Just wait and watch. This is tough, but when it is over you will see an age of peace and joy such as you never dreamed of.

THE NEW AGE.

My Socialist friends have tried to teach me their way of ushering in the New Age. But to save my life I can't see it like they do.

I agree with them that the New Age is coming, but it isn't coming in the way and manner they think it is. Their idea is that it is going to come through the political agitation and reforms of men, and that these same old man-made governments are going to be purified and brough to a state of perfection.

They are going to grab the Millennium by the hair of the head and drag it in whether or not. So they think. And I give them credit for being entirely honest in thinking so. Their motives are good, but their methods won't work.

We are continually howling and raising sand about our high officials being so mean and corrupt, and about how they pander to the rich and let the poor suffer, and all that. And we think that if a few million of us little fellows had the power we would do better. But just try us. Pull them down and lift us up. Give us the power and turn us loose. What would we do? Why, in a few years we would be just as mean as they are and they would be down here sending up the same howl that we are now sending up.

The down-trodden masses of humanity are really not any better by nature than the ruling classes. They merely lack the opportunity. Suddenly swap places with the two classes and see what happens. Or, for that matter, try to abolish the under class and put everybody on top—how long would it stay that way? Just long enough for the slickest rascals to grab the pile and run, that's how long.

It simply isn't human nature for it to be otherwise, and as long as human nature tries to govern this world it is going to be that way, I don't care how much Socialism or anything else you have.

Then how is the New Age ever going to get here?

Easy enough.

After men have been given a fair chance and have demonstrated beyond all doubt that they are not capable of running the world, then God is going to step in and run the thing Himself. He is going to let the man-made governments cut their own throats and get out of the way, and that is just what they are doing right now. And at the present rate of cutting and slashing it won't be long till the stage will be cleared and ready for the Kingdom of God to be established here on earth.

"And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. 11:15.

I would like to see anybody try to make that apply to something away up in the skies. If words mean anything, it is talking about the kingdoms of THIS WORLD, and it says they are to become the kingdoms of Christ, and that He is going to reign for ever and ever.

And so that settles the New Age business. Jesus Christ is coming back to rule over this earth as a literal earthly King. His throne will be in the literal earthly Jerusalem, in Palestine, and from there He will rule in righteousness, directing the affairs of the whole earth. People will live all about over the earth, just as they do now, and engage in their regular occupations, with the exception of evil occupations—they will be stopped. There will be no more wars, famines and troubles such as we have now. Everything will be peace and happiness.

Of course there will be political divisions or subject nations. No doubt the United States will still be here in name, but it will be only a colonial dependency and will draw its power from Jerusalem.

You think I'm crazy?

Well, just read your Bible—it's all in there, and a good deal besides. I'm giving you just a little hint of what this present war is going to do for the world.

And remember this! These things are not to be ten thousand years or a million years in the future, but you may look for them just any day now.

Keep your eyes open.

Read your newspaper.

Read your Bible.

Think a little.

And maybe you'd better pray some.

Names and Addresses Wanted.

Looky here, folkses, I want every blessed one of you to take a personal interest in helping me to get this paper before the people. And besides sending in all the subs you can yourself, the next best thing you can do is to send me a list of names of people who might be interested in my kind of talk. Try to send only the names of people who are serious-minded enough to read and consider what I say about this world-crisis. Send as many names as you please, if they are good ones, but don't send more than five from any one postoffice. Better just fix up a list of sample names right now while it's on your mind, and then go to work for subscribers. This don't mean the other fellow—it means YOU, your very own identical SELF!

The Gentiles were given just 2,520 years to rule the world, and their time was up in 1914. The beginning of the Great War on that date clearly marked the beginning of their fall. Out of the wreckage of this war will come the new Jewish government which is to rule the earth in the future. Don't laugh. You might happen to laugh too soon. Just wait and see.

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When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

VOLUME 8 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1917. | NUMBER 2

The New Name

And Why I Did It.

For nearly eight years I have been publishing a monthly paper called "The Fool-Killer." It was started in a fit of desperation as a last final effort to drive the wolf from the door and provide a modest living for my sick wife and myself. And it has succeeded. From a financial standpoint it has done all that I expected of it, and more.

But in order to attract attention and get the crowd I was compelled to make The Fool-Killer sensational. Its literary style was rough and coarse, abounding in slang expressions and often bordering on the ridiculous. A good many people seemed to think it was "funny," and it made quite a hit with a certain class. But it never did measure up to my highest ideals of what a paper ought to be. Of course I could have elevated the tone of it, but that would have meant a certain falling off in popularity, and as it was my only source of income I was compelled to cater to my crowd. To be sure, I always tried to throw the paper's influence on the side of right and good, but its coarse and uncouth manner of expression made it uncertain whether it really did any good. Anyhow, it grated on my finer sensibilities and I have long wanted to get rid of it or at least make some changes that would lift it to a higher plane.

And there were also other reasons that prompted me to take the step I have now taken. In the first place, The Fool-Killer demanded of me the impossible. I was expected to be "funny", regardless of the fact that I was living amid the saddest conditions that could well be imagined. Many times I have attempted to write a funny article when it actually seemed like trying to be funny at a funeral. Mrs. Pearson's affliction is the most dreadful case of suffering that I ever saw, and it has been constantly before my eyes for more than ten years now. How could anyone expect me, under such circumstances, to go ahead making a monkey of myself for the amusement of a thoughtless and frivolous crowd? I have already done it longer than I ought, and I feel that to go further with it would be an actual sin. I have been a monkey long enough, and surely I have earned the privilege of being a man from now on.

But the best reason of all for the change I am now making is found in the dark and perilous times in which we are now living. I have long been a student of Bible prophecy and a firm believer in its ultimate fulfillment. I have kept in touch with Bible students and chronologists, and they all agree that some great crisis in the world's history is due just about now. It is abundantly proven by secular history that nearly all the Bible prophecies have been fulfilled, which is the strongest possible evidence that the rest will be fulfilled in due time. Those who doubt it are simply showing their ignorance. The prophets have given us actual figures by which we may calculate from one event to another and find out what may be expected next. The greatest scholars of the world have figured from every possible standpoint of chronology, and they invariably arrive at the identical same conclusion—that we are living in the very last days of the Gentile age.

Twenty or thirty years ago it was predicted by at least two different writers on prophecy that the year 1914 would see the beginning of a great world-war which would mark the end of the Gentile dispensation. And it came—strictly on schedule time, and is still going. It cannot be compared to other wars, because it has already been twenty times bigger than any other war in the world's history. And the end is not yet. Surely we have good reason to believe that it is some kind of a great turning-point in the history of this old world, for other great turning-points have come with lesser wars than this.

This war may be over in a few months, and it may last several years. Prophecy points out its coming, but does not state clearly just how long it will last. But one thing seems reasonably certain—this is the Last Great War of all time. It must go on until its work is done—the overthrow of all wicked rulers and the establishment of the Millennial Kingdom here on earth.

This is not the "end of time," as some people may think, but it is the Dark Hour just before the dawn of the Golden Age. We are just at the beginning of the Thousand Years of Peace, during which Christ himself will rule the world in righteousness. The earth is going to be fit to live on after this. And that's where the "Good News" comes in.

In view of all these things I feel it my duty to change the name of the paper from The Fool-Killer to Good News, and then try to make it live up to its new name by giving this war-weary world a message that really is good news. To those who have lately subscribed expecting to get The Fool-Killer I want to say that you will find Good News a much better paper and I feel sure that most of you will be pleased with the change.

Now I sincerely trust that every person who has been interested in The Fool-Killer will take a still deeper interest in Good News, and that you will all go to work sending in clubs and helping to support the paper in every way you can.

Yours in the good work,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

TYPES AND SHADOWS.

All intelligent people who pay any attention to religious matters have long ago accepted it as a fact beyond dispute that the daily sacrifices of the old Jewish age were meant for a type, or a foreshadowing, of the greater Sacrifice for sin which was fulfilled in the death of Christ. That fact, I say, is accepted by everybody who read and believe the Scriptures at all. Preachers of all denominations have preached it for ages past, and religious writers have written volumes about it.

But, strange to say, after grasping that master-key of the whole divine plan, they stopped short off and refused to go any further. With the entire riddle of the human race so clearly revealed in that one type and its fulfillment, why can't intelligent people look a little further and see that the old Patriarchal and Jewish dispensations were literally packed and crammed with types and shadows? In the first place, the Jewish nation itself, in the sense of being God's Chosen People, was only a type, and how very appropriate that all their forms and ceremonies, their laws and customs, their Sabbaths, their Passovers, their Jubilee Years, with all their time-periods and dates so carefully given, should also be types of bigger and better things to come! Only in this way can we account for many things that the law of Moses required of the Hebrew people. So many tedious and seemingly unnecessary details had to be carried out to the letter, and we have always wondered what it was for. But when we grasp the idea that every one of those strange observances pointed ahead to something that was to happen in the future, then we can see the meaning of it all.

And in studying these types and shadows, you must keep carefully in mind the numbers—especially the number SEVEN, which is the key to everything. There were seven days in the Creative Week. Then every Seventh day was the Sabbath Day. Following that on an enlarged scale, every seventh year was the Sabbath Year, during which no crops were to be planted, but the land must lie idle and rest. Then they took seven of those seven-year periods and put them together, making Forty-Nine, and the next year (the Fiftieth) was the Year of Jubilee. That was a year of general readjustment of all property and business matters among the people. If some had gotten hopelessly in debt and couldn't pay out, their debts were cancelled and they were given an equal start with the rest. And if others had accumulated great wealth during the past fifty years they had to turn it all loose and it went back to the original owners.

Now all that business is far in the past and has not been observed for many years, and we have been led to believe that it don't mean anything to us. Let's see if it does. We see that the plan contemplated a series of rest-periods, starting with seven days and getting bigger and farther apart as they went. We have already traced its progress up to the Fifty-Year period, the Year of Jubilee. That was as far as it went in Jewish history. But since the Jewish nation itself was only a type, and since every type in it pointed to something outside of it, we must yet look for a still longer time-period and a still bigger Year of Jubilee down here in the end of the Age.

God could foresee that a few men like Rockefeller and Morgan would get most of the wealth in their hands and lord it over the people like tyrants. So God made His plan big enough to include the Great Jubilee (a thousand years long) during which time the earth and the fullness thereof will be restored to its rightful owners.

Never before has there been a time when the things I am here talking about were of such universal interest to the people. Everybody you talk with is wondering what these things mean and where they will end. Tell them to read Good News and find out.

If there was nothing to look to but the blackness of the immediate future, it would be almost unbearable. For we have probably not seen the worst of it yet. We still have a dark patch of woods to go through before we come out into the golden sunshine of the Thousand Years of Peace. It will be dark, but short. Keep up your courage and look ahead.

And don't forget to send in a big club every few days. Because this certainly IS Good News.

GOOD NEWS

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

A Monthly Message of Warning and Counsel and Comfort to a Stricken World.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is, some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this first issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it, I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just ought to watch his capers.

The "Times of the Gentiles."

I seem to have created a good deal of excitement among my readers by my statement in last issue that the Gentiles were given just 2,520 years to rule the world, and that their time was out in 1914. Several have written asking me to give my authority for that statement. Sure I will. I was going to anyhow as soon as I got room for it. It is a subject that will take two or three columns to explain it fully, giving the Bible quotations and the history that proves it. There isn't room in this issue for it, but I will certainly give it to you in my next. Tell everybody to look out for it. Yes, it is a sure-enough fact that the Bible tells just how long the Gentiles would be allowed to rule the world. History tells when the period started, and it is a simple matter to calculate and find the end. If anything in this world CAN be certain, it is certain that the beginning of this great war in 1914 marked the beginning of the downfall of Gentile dominion.

Get everybody to subscribe and look out for the next issue of Good News.

THEY WANT IT.

It turned out just like I thought it would—the people are ready for my New Message. The response to the last issue has been better than I expected, and as I go to press with this issue the returns are growing larger every day. There has not been time for it to reach its best. The New Message, under the New Name, is going to go like "hot cakes" wherever it is introduced, which shows that the people are beginning to wake up and do some thinking.

But the country at large can't get my message except as those already on my list help me to scatter it. Let every reader become a self-appointed missionary to put it into the hands of all their neighbors and friends. I will furnish all the sample copies possible, and you must put them into the hands of people who will, in their turn, continue to spread the Good News.

This is not going to be a money-making scheme for me. At the present prices of paper and other supplies I will be lucky if I make a bare living. So don't be afraid of making me too rich. No danger of that. The main thing I am after is to get the Good News scattered among the people. There are some things worth more than money, and this Good News that I am sending out is one of them. Without regard to whether any of us make a cent of money at it, let's all pull together and spread it over the world. For the field is ripe, the harvest is great, and the time is short.

* * * *

C. C. Coleman, Cuthbert, Ga.—Please find enclosed $1.20 for which send your paper to the accompanying list of names. I got these subscriptions by showing the July issue. Every one wanted to subscribe at once.

NEW THINGS.

This is a mighty conservative old world and has always been dreadfully afraid of "New things." It makes no difference at all how good the new thing is or how bad it may be needed, the old fogy conservatives are going to fight it.

They used to think the earth was flat, and when somebody offered to prove that it was round—oh, my, what a fuss! They used to think the liquor business was an actual benefit to society, and when the Prohibition Patry first started up you remember how unpopular it was. The government and all the conservative element of society took the liquor side, and the prohibition advocate was considered a wild-eyed crank. But the prohibition idea continued to live and grow in spite of persecution until its "newness" wore off and people began to see it was a good thing. And now what do you see today? You see the prohibition movement sweeping everything before it, and it's as much of a disgrace now to be for liquor as it once was to be against it.

The woman suffrage movement has had exactly the same experience. It was dangerous while it was new, but now you can't find a political party with nerve enough to oppose it.

Take Socialism—and there is the same experience over again. You may say that the Socialist party is not yet popular, which is true; but what about the reforms that it first had the courage to advocate? Nearly every one of them has been stolen and adopted by the other parties and now there is a general fuss about who loves them the best. But the Socialist party had the nerve to advocate them while they were yet new and dangerous, and now it is not getting any of the credit. It looks like it will have to "go 'way back and sit down" by the side of the poor old Prohibition party, and there together they can watch public sentiment go galloping on with reforms that have been stolen from them. They remind me of two poor old men watching their sons come to honor while they themselves die in the poor-house.

But it all goes to show that the world is simply afraid of new things. Not that a new thing is always bad, any more than an old thing is always good. There are good new things and there are bad old things. But the world will hug the bad old thing to its bosom and run like a scared rabbit from the good new thing.

The only thing that has made any progress possible is the fact that the world has always contained a few men who were not afraid of the new things. There have always been a few men who have had a sort of prophetic outlook on life and who could see some little distance beyond their noses.

The pioneers of the Socialist movement were men like that. They looked out and realized that nothing in nature was stationary—that the social fabric was fluid, and always flowing (though blindly) toward a more ideal state. These men didn't know exactly what it was they wanted nor just how to get to it, but they had an instinctive knowledge that there was something better for the race just out in the future somewhere, and they went after it in the very best way they knew. They were like a vine growing in a dark cellar and reaching out its hungry tendrils toward the light.

The Socialist party is in itself a glorious prophecy. Like Daniel of old, it has never quite understood its own message. It has never seen clearly the star of human destiny, but it has felt the pull of it and has led the way.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Now, dear readers and friends, this is a personal letter to you. I want you to regard it as just as personal and just as important as if I had written it direct on my typewriter and mailed it to you in a sealed envelope under a two-cent stamp.

What do you think of the line of talk I am giving you this time? If you believe my New Message contains something that the people ought to read and think about, then I want you to appoint yourself as a missionary to help spread it among your friends. Tote this issue around in your pocket and read it to people you meet and ask them what they think about it. You will find more people thinking along these lines than you might suppose. And if you happen to strike a few who have not yet begun to think on these things, this paper will wake them up and put them to thinking.

The whole human race today is aware of the fact that this old earth is passing through a great crisis, and that SOMETHING of far-reaching consequences to the people must be the result. The human mind is in a questioning attitude, wondering if this really is the end, and the old cut-and-dried conceptions of what is going to happen in the wind-up are being changed rapidly.

Hence the time is ripe for this New Message, and I want you to help me spread it into every nook and corner of this broad land. It is going to take a great deal of money to run this thing under present conditions. Print paper costs about twice what it formerly did, and some kind of war tax (in the form of postage or otherwise) is going to fall heavily on all publishers. And besides that, I am constantly needing to add new machinery and office equipment to handle the business. You folks hustle up the clubs and I'll furnish the chin-music till everything goes easy.

I have in type a very interesting and illuminating article on "The Lord's Prayer" which is crowded out of this issue by lack of space. It will appear next month along with many other good things. Get everybody and all their folks to subscribe.

THE PLAN OF THE AGES.

The first chapter of Genesis says that God made the heaven and the earth and everything in them in a period of six days. People used to take that literally and think that all things were created in six of our 24-hour days. But we know better than that now. We know that each one of those days was a long period of time. Yet we are not disputing what the Bible says about it—we are just learning that the Bible didn't mean a 24-hour day in the first place. For example, we often speak of "Abraham's day" or "Shakespeare's day," but we don't mean that Abraham and Shakespeare only lived 24 hours. We have reference to the period of time in which they lived, and we call it their "day." This is the kind of of a "day" that the Genesis account has reference to. And when we get to looking at it that way we find that the Bible and science are not so far apart as we had thought. If you have read any thing about what Geology teaches concerning the creation of the earth you know that it also divides the time into six creative periods during which the earth was passing through various stages of formation.

As to the length of these creative days, there are wide differences of opinion. Some argue that they were just one thousand years long, since it is stated that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Others make each day seven thousand years long, taking their clue from the peculiar significance of the number seven in the sacred writings. It seems to be a sort of divine number and denotes completion. Take note that the creative week (including the rest day) consisted of seven days. We also read about the seven churches, the seven angels, the seven trumpets, the seven golden candlesticks, the seven spirits of God, the seven last plagues, the seven vials of wrath, and so forth. There are seven sevens, which make forty-nine and lead up to fifty—a complete number. Every fiftieth year in Jewish history was the Year of Jubilee. I will have more to say about the Year of Jubilee in future articles. What I am driving at now is to get you to see that the number seven is closely associated with the creation and destiny of the world.

Now let us take the number seven as a key-word and see where it leads us. And also bear this in mind: "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Now, then. You see we had six days of creation, and then a day of rest. Seven days in all. Nothing is more reasonable than to suppose that the six creative days were a type of the six thousand years of labor and suffering and death through which the human race has passed. Then we have to deal next with God's day of rest. What can we make that represent? It don't take much imagination to see that it must be a type of the next thousand years of earthly life, which we are just now entering. And in order to be true to its type, this coming thousand years must be a time of peace and rest and great blessing—literally a thousand year Sabbath. You can't figure it out any other way. There MUST be the thousand years of peace and rest to finish out the seven and to fulfill the promise held out in the type. That is why God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because it was to be a day of rest, and because it was to be a type of the thousand-year day of rest after the six thousand-year days of labor and trouble and death.

Ordinary reason and common sense ought to convince anybody that the above explanation is bound to be correct. But if any further proof is wanted, the prophecies are just full of it. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Amos, and all the rest—they have used a large part of their space to describe how things will be in the New Age (the thousand-year Sabbath) which we are just now entering. But all of these descriptions are linked up with the restoration and blessing of literal earthly Israel in such a way that the people (having been taught that earthly Israel would never be restored) have entirely missed the true meaning of it all. The teaching is just as plain as can be that the scattered and rejected Children of Israel will be gathered back and restored to favor, and they will be the dominant nation of the world for the next thousand years. When the blessing of God's favor returns to them they will all be converted to righteousness, and through them all the nations of the earth will be blessed.

Hunt up your old dusty Bibles and read about these things, and keep in mind as you go along that it will all be right here on this earth—not away up in the clouds somewhere.

Let me give you just one quotation from Revelation:

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season. And I saw Thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."—Rev. 20.

Take particular note that during all this time there will still be nations here on this earth. The object of binding Satan is to keep him from deceiving the nations any more until the thousand years are ended. The Devil has been loose in the world for the past six thousand years and running things pretty much as he pleased. But his reign of terror has about reached the end of its row. He is going to be bound and cast into the pit. In fact, the binding is going on right now. That's what this war means. It is the devil kicking and struggling and trying to get loose. It may take several years yet to get him thoroughly bound and subdued. But the Old Boy will have to give it up and go on to prison.

Just think of this old world without any devil loose in it, and a spirit of GOOD put into everybody—don't you think it would be a fine place to live in? And that's the way it will be after this war is over. It will not be entirely perfect at first, but it will get better and better right on until the whole earth is transformed into a Garden of Eden.

While the people could go on thinking that the things foretold in prophecy were thousands of years in the future, they didn't take much interest in it. But now some of them, at least, are waking up to the fact that the terrible things foretold are happening to US—right here in 1917! And that sorter puts 'em to stirring around.

In a world where good news is so scarce and bad news so plentiful, this Good News paper ought to go like hot cakes.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to GOOD NEWS is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

GOOD NEWS is now going on eight years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

GOOD NEWS, BOOMER, N. C.

The End of Sin—and the Paper Supply.

There is great uneasiness among printers and publishers as to how the supply of print paper is to be kept up. For some time there has been a serious paper shortage and prices have gone out of reason. The best authorities on the subject see no prospect of relief from the paper famine. The point is that SO MUCH paper is being used every day that the supply just can't keep up with the demand, and, on top of that, the world's available stock of paper-making material is bound to become exhausted before long.

The present evil world wants "News," and the only thing that it regards as "news" is the portrayal of wickedness and sin and crime. There are some good things going on in the world today, but they don't make "news". You go into the slums and feed a hungry family or minister to the sick or do some other good deed, and the papers will never mention it. But you go out and get drunk and raise a fuss with somebody and have a fight, and you will be good for two columns and a scarehead. There was no "news" value in your first act, but in the last there is. People don't care anything about your good deeds, but they want to know all about your crimes. Such is "news."

And there is so much of that kind of news in the world today that the great dailies have to get out big editions every day, and often two or three times a day, and with their enormous circulations it is easy to see how they are eating up the paper supply.

But is there no solution to the problem? Yes, indeed. The present wicked order of things is soon to stop, and then there will not be so much "news". The good deeds of the New Age will not take so much paper to spread them before the world.

So you see the supply of paper is giving out just at the time when the demand for it will soon be stopped. If you will only think about these things you will see that God always plans everything to happen just at the right time.

It may be that the governments which help to restore Israel will share in her blessings and not be utterly wiped out. But they will all be brought to their kness.

Why was Joseph sold into Egypt? To save up corn for the famine that was coming? Yes, that was one object of it, but that wasn't all. There was a still deeper and more far-reaching purpose in it—a purpose that reaches right down to this present day and touches US. Be sure and read my "Joseph" article in the next issue of Good News.

Eli Walls, Elkin, N. C.—Enclosed you will find $1.20 and a list of names, subscribers that I have gotten up for your paper. I received a sample copy and wanted it, and decided to get up a club.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

John B. Vaughn, Music Publisher, Athens, Ga—I enclose 25 cents for a sub to your paper. Doubtless you never heard of me, but I am a fellow down here in Georgia. I wish to say you are talking now. You are saying something in your paper. I have been borrowing the paper and reading it occasionally for quite awhile, but must have each number from now on. Your Bible talks are what all are needing, you are right. You know something about the Bible, I can tell all right. But I am sad to say that most of your readers will prefer the style of your writing heretofore. It is alarming to say such a thing, but that is this age. May the Lord richly bless you in your efforts. (Oh, yes, Bro. Vaughn, I have been knowing you for several years. The churches and Sunday Schools all about here use your music books. Mighty glad to hear from you. And I am pleased to inform you that you are mistaken about one thing. The people do NOT prefer my former style of writing. They had grown tired of that (even as I had) because there was nothing in it to satisfy a questioning soul in these days of trouble. But they are just running over each other to get my New Message. I just wish you could be here and see how my daily bunch of letter mail has swelled since I made the change. Yes sir, the people are waking up and doing some serious THINKING these days. And after everything else has failed they are finding a new and joyful message in the same old Book. I am only helping to point it out. Tell everybody to come along.—James Larkin Pearson, Editor.)

* * * *

S. Davis, Fairburg, Nebr.—Dear Sir:—I don't amount to but little, but I see that you are now going to amount to far more than you may be aware of. So I here am going to suggest a new name for your paper—THE EQUILIBRIUM. I know not of a paper in existence of that name. Just sit down a few minutes and scratch your head and think, and you will begin to see that that name covers the whole world in the new order of things coming on. Your July issue tells a whole wagon load of truth. Now I have been writing a book for the past three years on the line of Luke 2:9, and when I get it finished it will be only a small book, but I write it slow so as to get the truth as strong as I am able. The last chapter which I have so far written for my book is on the second coming of Jesus. It looks to me like the reason you are wanting a new name for your paper is the fact that you are inspired by the Lord to go forward and launch a strong paper for His coming Kingdom, as Jesus is now moving to set up His Kingdom on top of all these falling kingdoms, as we read in Daniel 2:44. I am a poor man financially and can do no work only attend to my son's garden, but would be glad to help you if I could with money to spread your new good work. I am no acount to get subscribers for a newspaper, but I will see if I can put some little boys to work here and see what they can do. (Thanks, Bro. Davis, for your kind and helpful letter, also for the suggestion you make in regard to a new name for the paper. "The Equilibrium" is a good name and covers plenty of territory, as you say, but there is one special reason why I had already settled on "Good News" as the new name. A few years ago my invalid wife published a paper called "Good News" right along this same line. But her health got so bad she had to give it up. It is for her sake that I am now reviving the name.—Editor.)

* * * *

John T. Stone, Box 425, Thompson, Ga.—It was Providence that a copy of your paper got into my hands. I had only had it three hours and read and saw what it was, and what the most of the people wanted, and I secured ten subscribers at 15c. each. It is pleasure to work for such a paper, as there are so many that have not stopped to think, and now is the time for all of us to think. As to changing the name, I think best to let it stand as it is awhile, as it will cause a lot of certain people to read it that probably would not with some other name. I am so glad you have made the change in your editorial policy, and I think this issue so fine and rich. So hope you may keep it up. Please send me a few sample copies to distribute and I hope to send you more subs. soon. Enclosed find list of ten and express money order for $1.50.

* * * *

Carrington Calloway, Norwood, Va.—Have just received the July issue of your paper. I think the time is about ripe for your more serious message, as "the old order is passing away with a noise and sorrow that seem beyond human endurance." Some of your deductions from Bible passages seem rather far-fecthed and fantastic to me, though I confess I have never read the Bible through, partly because I did not consider it an inspired book or essential to modern progress. But I like the tenor of your New message as indicative of a better world to come. I like "Good News" as a name for your paper. Since I was not drawn in the recent draft, you may continue sending me your paper here until further notice.

* * * *

C. H. Anderson, P. M., Ray City, Ga.—I am sending in a club of subs. Since you have made the change in your paper it is very easy to get them. If you will send me a bunch of samples. I am sure I can send in another nice bunch of subs. I, for one believe that the name, Good News, is a much better name for your paper.

* * * *

B. F. Anderson, Hartsville, S. C.—I want to say I received my paper today and am better pleased than ever before with your work. In my opinion you are barking up the right tree now. Stay between the lids of your Bible and let us hear from you some more. We will look up a club later.

* * * *

J. D. Curtis, Starrsville, Ga.—Your July number is simply fine. Yes, by all means, change the name to "Good News". The ladies all say for you to come down our way—they want to shake your hand since you have reformed.

* * * *

N. G. Ellenburg, RFD 5, Pickens, S. C.—I like the change in your paper, and if you will send me about a dozen sample copies I will distribute them, and I think I can get up a good club.

* * * *

John L. Parsons, Boomer, N. C.—I like the change in the style of The Fool-Killer very much.

Names and Addresses Wanted.

Looky here, folkses, I want every blessed one of you to take a personal interest in helping me to get this paper before the people. And besides sending in all the subs you can yourself, the next best thing you can do is to send me a list of names of people who might be interested in my kind of talk. Try to send only the names of people who are serious-minded enough to read and consider what I say about this world-crisis. Send as many names as you please, if they are good ones, but don't send more than five from any one postoffice. Better just fix up a list of sample names right now while it's on your mind, and then go to work for subscribers. This don't mean the other fellow—it means YOU, your very own identical SELF!

THE TURKS AND THE JEWS.

The situation in Palestine this summer is the most serious since the war began. A scheme for the looting of Jerusalem is already being executed and throughout the countryside the Turk has embarked on a calculated policy of plundering and killing the native inhabitants, so that if they are forced to vacate the country they will leave behind them a desert. The only thing that can save the inhabitants, the only hope that buoys them up, is that the British armies now hammering at the gates of the Holy Land may soon drive out the Turks.—News Item from Kansas City Star of August 15th.

The above clipping from the Kansas City Star is a bigger news item than the average reader has any idea of. Neither the man that wrote it nor the paper that printed it had any proper conception of what it meant. It deals with a phase of the war that Bible students know to be of paramount importance.

From the very beginning of the war I have said that it will not end until the Turks are driven out of Palestine, and I still stick to it. Or if peace comes before that is done it will not be a lasting peace. The promise made to Abraham and repeated to Isaac and Jacob was that the Children of Israel should have that land for an everlasting inheritance, and all the devils can't keep it from coming true.

It might interest you to know who the Turks are. I have been looking up their pedigree and tracing them back to see where they came from, and you may be surprised at what I discovered. The turks, as well as the Jews, are the children of Abraham. The general idea is that Abraham was the father of the Hebrew race and no more. But in fact he was the father of "many nations."

And Abram fell on his face, and God talked with him saying: As for me, behold my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee. And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee.—Genesis 17:3-6.

You remember that Abraham had an illegitimate son by a servant girl named Hagar. The boy's name was Ishmael, and Genesis 16:12 tells what kind of a man he would be:

And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.—Genesis 16:12.

Then later Abraham's legitimate son Isaac was born. Isaac, you know, became the father of Jacob and Esau, and right there is where the Israelites and the Turks started. Jacob and Esau were twin brothers, but they were very different in every way, and they never could get along peaceably together. Indeed, the trouble between them actually seemed to start BEFORE they were born. The manner of their birth was very strange and unusual, and I want you to be sure and read about it. I would like to print the Scripture verses here, but the Postoffice Department is so particular, maybe I had better not. You will find the story in the 25th chapter of Genesis, beginning with verse 21 and ending with verse 28.

I will wait a minute till you get your Bible and look it up.

Well, you see where the "struggle" between the boys began. Did you ever think about that before? And you see that Esau was red and hairy all over, and he was of a wild and fighting nature—what we might call in our present-day slang "wild and wooly."

Now when this wild man Esau grew to be a man he went right straight and married a daughter of that other wild man, Ishmael, that I told you about, and you can imagine what kind of offspring that union would produce. That is where the Turks came from—I have POSITIVE PROOF of it—and I am half-way of the opinion that the Germans belong to the same stock. Take that verse about Ishmael, Gen. 16:12. How true that is of the Germans today!! If the Germans are not the brothers of the Turks, then my next guess is that they are the children of Moab and Ammon. Read the 19th chapter of Genesis, beginning at the 29th verse, and you will see what I mean.

But Jacob was a normal and goodly child, fit to become the father of civilized people. Somewhere during his life his name was changed to Israel, and his twelve sons and their descendants have since been known as the Children of Israel.

Each one of Jacob's sons was the father of a tribe—the Twelve Tribes of Israel. But the Jews as we know them today are the offsprings of two tribes only. The other ten tribes have been lost sight of. They are somewhere in the world and known by some other name, and they must be very numerous. Many writers claim that we (the English-speaking people) are the Lost Tribes of Israel. And the fact that the Allied armies are now "hammering at the gates of the Holy Land" to drive the Turks out, and that we have already agreed to turn it over to the Jews, is pretty strong evidence that we are a part of the Chosen People. If this is true, we will share the Holy Land with our brothers, the Jews, and together we will rule the world in righteousness under our new King of Kings who is soon to be revealed.

As Shakespeare says: "It is a consumation devoutly to be wished."

All the orthodox people believe that the dead are going to get up out of their graves SOMETIME, but they think it won't happen for several thousand years yet. Well, suppose it should be put off several thousand years, wouldn't the people of that time think just like they do now and expect it to still be put off? Sure they would. If it is ever going to happen it must be SOME TIME, and the people that pretended to believe in it will be surprised that it came in their day. So why not make up your mind that it is just as apt to come now as any time?

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

Good News

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

VOLUME 8 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1917 | NUMBER 3

Where Are They?

Two or three of my readers have objected to "Good News" as the name of this paper on the ground that there were already too many papers of that name in the country. But so far nobody has told me where they are. Having been in close touch with the newspaper business for many years, it seems that I ought to know at least as much as the average man about what papers are being published, and I have to confess that I do not at present know of a single paper anywhere called "Good News"—except this one. If any of my readers know of another one they will do me a big favor by sending me its address or the name and address of its publisher.

Free For All.

It is my purpose to discuss these prophecy questions from the standpoint of the ordinary man-of-the-world. Some writers get so much spiritual enthusiasm mixed up with their arguments that the world regards them as "religious fanatics" and pays no attention to what they say. But that can't be charged against me. Personally, I do not claim to be any sort of a saint. I am just an ordinary sinful mortal without any religious frills on me at all. I don't claim any superior gifts or revelations of any kind. The things I am telling you in this paper are not revealed to me in any miraculous way. They are simply right there in the Bible, and so plain that it don't take any spiritual eye-sight to see them. I am not coming to you as a sanctified saint and boasting of my superior goodness. I am only telling you as man to man that these things look to me mighty much like they are TRUE; and if they ARE true, it is high time for all of us poor devils to be doing some mighty serious thinking.

The doctrine of "the restitution of all things" and the Millennial Reign occupies more space in the prophetical books of the Bible than any other one subject. And yet nearly all the popular creeds are entirely ignorant of it. And of all the thousands of religious papers published, not one that I know of gives this great subject any prominence. The people are hungry for something to read along this line. It is a rich field to work in, and Good News stands practically alone in this field, therefore the possibilities of growth are enormous. Be a missionary, and help me put it into every home.

MODERN INVENTIONS.

Did you ever stop to think how very strange it is that the world should have gone on for full six thousand years without making but very little progress in the lines of invention and discovery, and then all at once burst out in such a blinding glare of smartness as we see around us today?

With the exception of printing and steam, which date a little farther back, practically everything we speak of as modern inventions or discoveries have come to us inside of the last fifty years The world's way of living fifty years ago was not much different from what it was five or six thousand years ago. During all that time there was no marked advance along any line of invention or discovery. But just about the time the six thousand years ended and we started on the seventh, you notice how the pace began to quicken. Things never dreamed of before came crowding right on the heels of each other until now we live in a different world. Make out a list of the great inventions that were in use before 1872, and it will be a mighty short list. Then go ahead and make out another list containing the great inventions and discoveries that have come into use since 1872. Your second list will contain, among other things, the following:

Electric lights,
Electric power,
Telephone,
Wireless telegraph,
Phonograph,
Automobile,
Typewriter,
Type-setting machine,
Web printing press,
Daily Newspaper,
Moving pictures,
X-Ray,
Submarine,
Flying-machine,

and many others too numerous to mention. Imagine the world suddenly deprived of all these things and set back where it was 45 or 50 years ago! It would be hard getting along, wouldn't it? And yet our ancestors got along for six thousand years and probably thought they were doing well enough.

Can you give any good reason why these things didn't start away back yonder and come in gradually? Did the people have no inventive minds among them, or what was the matter? I'll tell you why. It just wasn't in God's Plan for these things to be until the "time of the end." They COULDN'T have come sooner. And when the right TIME rolled around they came in a hurry. And yet their coming has been gradual enough so that we considered it a very natural process. If these things had dropped down from heaven all in one day we would have called it a miracle. And it would have been. But it it no less a miracle as it is. The hand of God is in it, and He has allowed men to make these things just at this time for a wise purpose. They are being gotten ready to be used through the glorious Millennial Age for the comfort and blessing of the whole race. And even greater wonders that we can't even dream of now will be added, until it will indeed be a paradise on earth. Everything will be done by machinery, and ALL THE PEOPLE will get the benefit of the leisure thus afforded. There will be no more millionaires nor paupers. Every body will have plenty and nobody too much. Good roads will be everywhere, and every family will have its automobile and plenty of time to ride in it. No more slaving from dawn till dark to squeeze out a bare existence. The wildest dreams of Socialism will all be true, and then some.

But now here is the vital point of it all that I want you to remember. These great Millennial blessings cannot come to their full ripeness until the devil is chained. As long as he is loose in the world he will only use these modern inventions to make more trouble. We all know it has been that way so far. The labor-saving inventions have made it harder instead of easier for the masses to get a living. God permitted these modern inventions to come right in the last years of the devil's rule over the earth in order to give man an object-lesson in how the devil can turn a blessing into a curse. But pretty soon the devil must go down into the pit, chained and helpless, so that he cannot deceive the nations any more or a thousand years. Then the spirit of righteousness will rule the earth and these modern inventions will come into their own as agencies of comfort and blessing for the human race.

One man to whom I have talked expressed a peculiar misgiving about the success of my present undertaking. He was afraid I couldn't find enough to say along these lines to fill my paper every month. Which shows how little he knew about the magnitude of the subject. Instead of being short of something to say, there is always more than I can find room for. Yes sir, this is a great big subject, and it will grow steadily bigger as the stream of events rushes along.

They Will Die Hard.

Of course all this talk about the nations falling and a new and righteous government being set up over them is not going to be very welcome news to the statesmen, big political leaders and captains of industry who have been cutting such a wide swath in the affairs of earth and having such great wealth and power. They are going to fight this thing to the very last. While many of them are members of the church and say long prayers and pretend to be mighty good Christians, they don't think Christ has got any right to meddle in their affairs here. They want Him to stay up in the skies and be a sort of imaginary God that they can scare the poor folks with, but which they are not afraid of themselves.

That's why we have come to have so much of this "sky" business in the religious teachings of today. The men of influence, who have been able to direct the world's thinking, have wanted God kept away from the earth as much as possible. And so they have taught the people that God was a "sky" God and that the Bible was a "sky" book, and that neither of them had anything to do with the affairs of this earth. At least not for several million years yet.

Oh, my, what a jolt is in store for such people! Their time has come right now, and they don't know it, poor fools.

Since Good News started out to tell the world about the glorious New Age that is now about due to begin, I see that other papers are taking it up. A writer in The Union Republican, Winston-Salem, N. C., has a very good article on the subject. That's right! Let everybody join in on the chorus till the whole world hears and believes.

In speaking of the fall of the nations now going on, I don't mean to convey the idea that every nation will be entirely wiped out. Many of them will remain here in name, but they will be weakened and humbled and made willing to bow to the rule of righteousness. When the other world-powers — Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome—were in their glory, they didn't utterly destroy every other nation, but they merely issued orders and all the others had to obey. It will be the same way in the coming New Age, only the Ruling Power will be the actual Kingdom of Christ on earth.

GOOD NEWS

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

A Monthly Message of Warning and Counsel and Comfort to a Stricken World.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single subscription, 1 year 25 cents.
In clubs of five or more . 15 cents.

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is, some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this first issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just might to watch his capers.

GOOD NEWS WEEKLY?

There is such an urgent demand coming from many of my readers for Good News to be made a weekly paper, that I have decided to put it up to the whole bunch and see what you all say.

If I undertake to get it out every week it will, of course, be necessary to get more machinery and more help. This has been a sort of one-man concern heretofore, but it has often been more than one man could manage very well. And I wouldn't think of trying it weekly without getting a good crew of hands and the necessary machinery to do the work in a business-like way.

A Linotype Machine will be the first and greatest need, and it will cost about $2,500. It will be used to set the type for the paper and to handle the mailing list. I can make out a few months with the press I have by running it pretty steady, but soon a faster one will be required.

If I do make it a weekly I want to also enlarge the pages to standard six-column- size—just twice as big as they are now—and thus make room for some good clean advertising to help pay expenses. That would make it take eight times as much paper and postage each month as it has been taking, and all other expenses larger in proportion. You can see at a glace that it is going to take a big pile of money to fit up and run such a business, and you readers of Good News are my only dependence to raise the money. It's up to you. The way prices of paper and other things are now I will have to make the subscription price $1.00 a year for single subs, or 75 cents in clubs of four, or more. Now if ENOUGH of you want it that way, and want it BAD ENOUGH, you can get it. But you certainly MUST understand that I can't print it weekly just to please a few. You must ALL get behind it and push. It will be a job requiring the utmost loyalty and co-operation of every one. You must not only "wish it well," but you must translate your wish into actual cash and send it here to help buy paper and pay work hands. That is the only possible way for you to get Good News weekly.

Now here is my proposition:

I want to see how many will be game enough to send me One Dollar right quick to pay for a year's subscription to the weekly Good News. If as many as Two Thousand will respond to this call within the next two or three weeks, I will order the Linotype Machine and go to fixing for the weekly paper at once. But if I should happen to not get enough money to enable me to start the weekly, then what? LISTEN! If you send the Dollar for the weekly, and then for any reason the weekly fails to materialize, I will just mark you as a paid-up subscriber to the monthly Good News for 99 years. In other words, you will get the monthly right on as long as you and the paper both live without ever having to renew again. So you see it don't matter which way it turns out you won't lose anything.

Now, friends, I am in deep earnest about this, and I want you to look at it in the same light. If your eyes have been opened to these great truths, it is your solemn duty to help open the eyes of others. Millions of men have DIED for causes not half as worthy as this, and surely you can give ONE DOLLAR for this great cause, especially when you will be getting the worth of it back in the paper every week. There is a big field right now for such a paper as I contemplate, and it ought to easily get a million subscribers.

And now let your Dollars begin to roll in thick and fast.

Remember that if only TWO THOUSAND of you folks will send me One Dollar each to help buy a Linotype Machine, I will give you Good News weekly right away. Who will be first?

And also remember that if the weekly fails to start, then you will be a LIFE-TIME subscriber to the monthly. Thank you!

THE MAGNET AND THE IRON.

I fully expected that a few of my Socialist readers would try to kick out of the harness and raise a big fuss over the change I have made in the paper. But I have been happily surprised at the smallness of the number. Not more than a half-dozen have shown any disposition to act ugly, and even that half-dozen have not taken it as hard as I expected. Of course all that have objected to the change belong to the agnostic, atheist or infidel class. They don't believe in the Bible, and they think anybody that does believe in it is crazy. They think it terrible that anybody would be foolish enough to pay any attention to the Bible prophecies concerning what is to happen in the last days.

A few others that are not Socialists have taken the same stand. I now have proof that all infidels are not in the Socialist party, and that all Socialists are not infidels. The great majority of them are standing right with me and have shown added interest in the paper since it was "born again."

To the little hand-full of Socialist readers who seem to think that I jumped the track and turned against them, I want to say this: While I never have been able to quite agree with some of Socialism's economic teachings, I have long recognized it as the nearest approach to the truth as I saw it. My sympathies have been with it in preference to any other party. My attention was first called to Socialism by hearing its enemies cuss and abuse it, and I said to myself, surely that must be a good thing, else it would not be so bitterly abused and persecuted. I have noticed that every good cause has to go through a period of persecution before it gets established, while bad causes generally have smooth sailing right from the start. Wherever you find a new institution that is persecuted, abused and lied about by all the established institutions, you may be reasonably sure there is something good in it. By following that rule you can't go very far wrong.

So I looked into Socialism and found that it was headed in the right direction. I soon discovered that it didn't have a very clear view of the object it was driving at. Its eyes were not fully opened to the truth, and it saw "as through a glass, darkly," but that was better than being totally blind like the other parties.

The Socialist movement is nothing more nor less than the human race groping forward and reaching up toward the glorious light of the New Age that is soon to come. The Millennial Age may be represented as a great magnet and the Socialist party as the piece of iron that first came within reach of its influence. The very fact that the iron has felt the pulling power is proof that the magnet is there.

But the piece of iron that jumps toward the magnet don't understand the power that makes it move. If it could think at all it would no doubt think it was moving by its own power.

And that is exactly the mistake that Socialism has always made and is still making. It thinks it is moving forward by its own power. It thinks it is going to create a man-made Millennium and do away with sin and restore the blessings of paradise to the race—all in its own power. With its "materialistic conception of history," it leaves no room for the knowledge and power of God in its movements. It don't realize that there is a divine plan being worked out through the slow process of the ages, and that men and parties and governments are no more than cogs in a wheel that is driven by a Higher Power.

No, no, my dear comrades, I have not turned back and deserted you. I have merely passed you and gone on ahead to a point where I can see more clearly the glorious goal toward which we are all moving—not by our own power, but by the wisdom and power of God.

Read "The Times of the Gentiles" in this issue and see if I ain't got it figured out about right.

Again I say, don't take my word for anything. Investigate for yourself. And then if you find I have told the truth, perhaps you had better heed it.

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THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES.

When I first made the statement in the July number of this paper that the Gentile nations were given a certain appointed length of time to rule the world—a period of 2,520 years—and that it ended in 1914, a few of my readers seemed inclined to doubt it and called on me for proof.

In this article, therefore, I propose to give the proof and make it so clear that even a child can understand it.

The Children of Israel were chosen of God to be His own peculiar people, and He led them and dealth with them in a way different from all other nations. He gave them the land of Palestine to be their national home and showed th many special favors. Away before that, God had promised this land to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their seed after them, for an everlasting inheritance. The Israelites were the "seed" spoken of, and so the land was theirs by divine right and it was to remain theirs forever.

But in spite of all these special favors from God, the Israelites became disobedient and drifted into idolatry and other sins, so that God had to punish them frequently. Leviticus 26 shows what He wanted them to do, and what HE would do to them in case they failed to obey. There is no use to take up space here to print the whole chapter, as you can turn to it in your Bible and read it, but I want to call your special attention to the 18th verse, because it contains the key-word that will enable us to figure out the exact length of the Times of the Gentiles:

> And if ye will not yet for all this hearken unto me, then I will punish you seven times more for your sins.—Lev. 26:18.

Notice that "seven times" and get it firmly fixed in your mind, because it will help you to understand what I am trying to tell you. Bear in mind that God had already given these people several smaller punishments, and here He tells them that if they will remain stubborn and disobedient He will punish them SEVEN TIMES more. That don't necessarily mean just seven times as much as they had already been punished, but seven "times" in addition to what they had already had. It indicates a definite measure of time—a certain number of years.

Now the question arises, how long is a "time?" All the best authorities agree that a "time" in Bible prophecy always means 360, the numebr of days in the Jewish year. This can be easily proven. For instance, when God wanted to give King Nebuchadnezzer an object-lesson of His power over men and nations and at the same time furnish a type of the time the Jews were to be degraded and scattered over the world, you remember he caused the king to go crazy and run wild in the field and eat grass like a cow. He remained in that condition for seven years. You must read the 4th Chapter of Daniel to get the story complete, but here are some verses just to get you started:

> Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him; and let seven times pass over him.—Dan. 4:16.
>
> That they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven, and seven times shall pass over thee, till thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whosoever He will.—Dan. 4:25.

You will find by reading the entire fourth chapter of Daniel that the expression "seven times" is repeated three times. The Bible account does not come right out plain and say it was seven years that Nebuchadnezzer was in that condition. It merely calls it "seven times". But outside history makes it very plain that the thing actually did happen and that it lasted for seven years. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, is considered pretty reliable, and he says it was seven years. I quote from his "Antiquities of the Jews," Book Ten, Chapter Ten, Section Six:

> A little after this the king saw in his sleep again another vision; how he should fall from his dominion, and feed among the wild beasts, and that when he had lived in this manner in the desert for seven years, he should recover his dominion again. When he had seen this dream he called the magicians together again, and inquired of them about it, and desired them to tell him what it signified. But when none of them could find out the meaning of the dream, nor discover it to the king. Daniel was the only person that explained it. And as he foretold, so it came to pass; for after he had continued in the wilderness the aforementioned interval of time, while no one durst attempt to seize his kingdom during those seven years, he prayed to God that he might recover his kingdom, and he returned to it.

Even without the testimony of Josephus all scholars agree that it was seven years, and his added testimony makes it absolutely certain. I have gone over all this to show you that a "time" means a year, and according to the Jewish calandar a year contained just 360 days. Seven years, then, would be 2520 days.

Now let us leave King Nebuchadnezzar a few minutes and go back to the Children of Israel. You remember God was going to punish them "seven times," which, according to the same method of counting used on Nebuchadnezzar, would be just seven literal years. But we know that several of their previous punishments had been longer than that, and as this seems to be meant for a great and final punishment we know that it must be a great deal harder and longer than any of the others. So we see plain enough that we can't accept seven literal years as the answer in this case. Then what are we going to do about it? Give it up? No sir! Turn with me to the fourth chapter of Ezekiel and there we will find another "key" that exactly fits this occasion. Here God is using the prophet Ezekiel as another type of Israel's punishment, and God says to Ezekiel:

> I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity, according to the number of the days, and I have appointed thee each DAY for a YEAR.—Ezek. 4:5-6.

Don't you see how plain that makes it? In the case concerning Nebuchadnezzar a day meant a day, and a year meant a year, and the seven years would make 2520 days. But in this case, in order to get the full length of Israel's time of punishment, we must let each day count for a year. By this method of counting, one "time" would be 360 YEARS instead of 360 days. Hence the "seven times" of Israel's punishment would be 2520 YEARS.

Now we have found the LENGTH of Israel's time of punishment, and our next job is to find where it STARTED, then it will be a very easy matter to find the END. We never could know when the 2520 years would end unless we know when they commenced.

Right here let me call your attention to the fact that the 2520 years punishment on Israel is the same period that the Bible calls "The Times of the Gentiles," for the reason that when Israel went down and commenced to go through its long punishment, the Gentiles sprang up into power to rule the world while Isreal was out. The period is called Gentile times because the Gentiles were to hold possession during that time. And when Israel's time of punishment expires then the Gentiles must go down and Israel will spring up and take possession and rule the earth again. So you see the "seven times" of Israel's punishment and the "times of the Gentiles" are one and the same, beginning together and ending together. Therefore the DATE when the 2520 years began to count is the one great pivotal point. All the great and wonderful changes soon to occur on this earth hinge on that date.

The last of the kings of Israel was Zedekiah. The armies of Babylon captured Jerusalem, destroyed the temple, and carried away the king and the people into captivity. Their city and land was desolate for seventy years—until the restoration in the first year of Cyrus. (Chron. 36:21-23.) Though Jerusalem was then rebuilt and the captives returned, Israel has never had another king from that day to the present. So the date on which the crown was taken away from Zedekiah is certainly the correct date for the beginning of the "seven times," or 2520 years. And that date is clearly fixed in history as 606 B. C. All historians agree on that piont. So all we have to do now is to take 606 years B. C. and add too them enough of A. D. to make 2520, and that will show you when the "seven times" must end. Add together 606 and 1914 and you get 2520. So you see the "seven times" of Israel's punishment and the "Times of the Gentiles" ended in 1914. All this had been figured out and published to the world 30 years before the Great War started, but the world at large didn't pay any attention to it. The great Gentile nations just laughed at the idea that they would ever have to go down and out. But now look, will you? Just as quick as the appointed date—1914—got here they began to tumble, and all the powers of earth and hell are not strong enough to prop them up much longer. Their time has come, and they must get out of the way to make room for the universal kingdom of righteousness under the new Israel government.

Now, friends, just a word in conclusion. If the Bible prophecies are worthy of being read and believed in at all, then these figures and calculations are TRUE, and they MEAN SOMETHING. And if they mean ANYTHING, then they mean more to the people of this world than anything else that has happened since the crucifixion of Christ. What do you think about it?

> Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.—Isa. 26:2.
>
> Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in.—Rom. 11:25.
>
> Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.—Luke 21:24.

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In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

GOOD NEWS is now going on eight years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

GOOD NEWS, BOOMER, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. H. STEPHENS, Tabor, N. C.—I want the paper, for it sure is good news to me. I am glad you have quit your foolishness and gone to telling the good news.

JAMES M. UPCHURCH, Box 1398, Amarillo, Tex.—As I am liking your Good News so well, I will send you a few names to send samples to. I don't know when my sub expires, but I don't want to miss a copy, so I am sending you 25c for renewal.

WALTER BEVER, Hillsboro, Ind.—Your latest issue received, and glad to note the changes you have made in the paper. It is sad to see the passing of The Fool-Killer, but if really Christ is coming soon, it is well that you take timely action in a different channel, and let Him take care of the fools that remain.

A. C. JOHNSON, Waldrip, Tex.—I have just read Good News. It is different from what you used to call The Fool-Killer. Good News appeals to me, but The Fool-Killer did not. Keep up your Good News, and you will see its subscription grow among the intelligent people of this country

ARCH HOLT, Center, Texas.—We are favorably impressed with both the change in your paper's name and subject matter. It seems to take well with all those who will read it. So we bid you Godspeed. I enclose $1.05 to pay for seven subs.

Dr. W. H. BRIDGES, Old Field, La.—Have received No. 2 of Good News, and after persuing it closely I am truly delighted with the change in the name and the tenor of the paper, and will send in a few names as I can get them, as I am well impressed with the articles in No. 2. Am sending a few subs this time and we want the Sept. issue to begin with.

J. F. FILLINGIM, Graceville, Fla.—As I am sending a club of subscribers I will write a line of appreciation. I certainly ENJOYED the sample copies you sent me, and consider one copy worth the price for a year. I see some of the contributors want to change the name of the paper. They must not understand the English language, for GOOD NEWS is in the same class with Mother, Home and Heaven. Long live Good News! I hope the people will rally to it so you can soon send it out every week.

W. H. BLACKMON, Route B, Box 118, Atmore, Ala.—I am a subscriber to your paper and have been for some time. Have just received the last issue, and I enjoyed reading it much more than I ever did before. I am glad it has been regenerated and born again. I think you are hitting the nail on the head. I think Good News is the very name for it, for I believe it is good news. It is something people ought to read, and not only read but study. I wish you great success, and I expect to do all I can to help you get this paper into every home.

W. B. KOCH, Sunbury, Pa.—A friend of mine gave me a copy of The Fool-Killer and also a copy of Good News, and I was deeply impressed by the turn you had taken toward the light, and that you had, like myself, seen a vision so clear and unmistakable that you have grasped the hand of the God of the Universe by faith and intend to follow where He leads. Some 25 years ago I was alone in a city with like faith but none to help. But by strong faith in His word I kept on until a few more were added with me; and it does me good to know that here and there throughout the land God is opening the eyes of the blind as never before.

J. F. STEPHENS, Tabor, N. C.—Have just read your August "Good News" [illegible], it contains much good news—truth about the coming kingdom of [illegible]. Now I want to [illegible] to refrain from funny phrasing and wild guessing (as in the case of the origin of the German people). Give us facts, not presumption. I am sending you a circular that tells you where to find the ten and one-half Lost Tribes. They are now "a multitude of nations." They mingled with the heathen till they were lost—till the time of regathering. Now the Lost Tribes are found—"a mingled people"—the American people and their ancestors.

MRS. O. M. BATES, Box 445, Lubbock, Tex.—I have just received my Good News paper and finished reading it. I tell you these last two copies are worth reading. You are telling just what I have believed for a long time, but you was the last man in the world I thought would tell it. I knew you were a smart man, but I sure was surprised at what you have done. I can't do much to help you, but I am going to do what I can. I let a neighbor have the first copy as soon as I finished reading it. All that is wrong with your paper now, it is not half large enough and don't come often enough. I wish I could get one of them every week. A preacher like that is the kind I like to hear. The fashionable preaching has lost its power.

ROBT H. SPARKMAN, Setonsburg, Colo.—I received your welcome paper last week, and am certainly glad to see you step out as you have. I have often thought if you would drop your foolishness and take up religion you could do much good. I sure would like to have the opportunity of meeting you and get to give you one good hand-shake. And now that you are working for the Lord, may he bless and prosper you, if you are sincere. I can't believe you had run your stuff till it was getting monotonous to the public and now merely stepped into a new line of talk to tickle the people and thereby make a greater gain. I believe you are sincere, and may God bless you and put the right words into your mouth to tell the people, for this is a great time, and I agree with you on the "time" subject. I think the Bible is being fulfilled every day, and that it will only be a short while—only a few years at most—till our Lord will come again to this old sin-stricken earth.

B. S. HICKS, R F D 2, Lawley, Ala.—I am not going to try to tell you how glad I was to get your last paper, I can't. I am not gifted with the speech. The way it has been running just suited me. That was the way I was going. But now I am a new man. We are having one of the best meetings you ever saw, and it has made a new man out of me. I have been blinded for 25 years, but now I see. It does me so much good to see you come out on the true side and give us your ideas on the things we are soon to have to go through with. I could write a long letter, but your writing suits us better. I have seen a lot of your readers since you sent out your last issue, and they have asked me to write and see if you could send a paper once a week. We need just such a paper all over this land. We are willing to pay the price you ask for a weekly paper from you. This paper is a visitor to our good meeting. It is going around. People who said it couldn't come into their homes before said last night they were willing to pay the price for it; but all I have talked to don't want to wait a month to get another paper. So please write me and let me know what you can do for us, and I will get you a long list of subscribers. (Quite a number of readers in different parts of the country have asked that I arrange to publish Good News every week, but just for the present I can't see my way clear to undertake it. A little later maybe the way will open. I hope it will. I am tied down with a bad case of chronic sickness and suffering in my home, and can't give proper attention to the business as it is. Sometimes it is almost more than I can do to get it out monthly. But I will do the best I can. If enough of the readers want it weekly and are willing to pay the increased price that I would have to charge for a weekly, we will see what can be done about it before long.—James Larkin Pearson, Editor.)

SOMETHING DOING.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Sir:

I have read your July and August numbers of your paper, and it may be that you have a more effective Fool-Killer than ever, though not so funny.

It certainly does look like there is "something in the wind" these times, and the events of the day are doing more to strengthen my faith in the Bible than everything else combined. I want to offer some passages of scripture that may or may not have escaped your notice and that of your readers.

Turn to Rev. 18. Read the whole chapter over carefully. Ain't it a picture of our times? Read verse 17 particularly, and you will find the cause of occasion of this world war—the shipping trade. Turn also to chapter 16, verse 14. You will see that in the great battle of Armageddon it will reach the whole world. Nearly the whole world is now in the war, and soon every nation will be—in another year at most. Verse 18 refers to a "great earthquake." That will follow this war and will be a world-wide state of anarchy—the French Revolution on a world-wide scale.

Turn to Rev. 6. You see a "white horse," etc. White always means peace or purity in some sense. This white horse is the Allied Nations fighting for peace. Read verse 4. This is the "quadruple alliance" which has "taken peace from the earth." The "great sword" is the terrible German military machine, more terrible and deadly than the "bow" in verse 2. You will notice that this horse is red—emblematic of great slaughter and carnage. Note carefully verse 6. Can't you see in this the national control and conservation of the food supply, and the setting of prices, etc? Notice that this horse is black—emblematic of mourning and terror of famine soon to follow. In verse 8 is a pale horse. You will find in this verse that it was John and not Gen. Sherman who first said that "war is hell." Notice that the carnage is "over a fourth part of the earth"—about the actual battleground of this war, including the seas. In verse 12 we have the "earthquake" introduced. The "sun," I take it, is God, and the "moon" the church. In verse 13 the "stars" are the ecclesiastical powers soon to fall. In other words, the nominal church.

The "heaven" is the ecclesiastical system, the "mountains" the big nations and the "islands" the small ones—all to fall together in the general "earthquake." In the concluding verses you will see that all classes from kings to bondmen (from the Kaiser to every conscript) will go down in the general chaos.

All this either MEANS SOMETHING, or else it MEANS NOTHING, one or the other. The facts of 1914-1917 would seem to indicate that it MEANS SOMETHING. If so, it means very much—more, in fact, than any history of the past; yes, more than all past history including the Flood, the downfall of Jerusalem, the Roman Empire, the French Revolution and all others combined. Doesn't it, indeed, look like "something is going to happen"—nay, is ALREADY HAPPENING?

Read also James 5:1-8. Compare all these texts. Get your concordance and reference Bible, and your history of the past three years, and study them. Can you say it means nothing?

You may print this in Good News if you wish.

Sincerely,
M. GRAMBLEY MILLER,
Russellville, Texas.

The Lord's Prayer.

Did you ever STUDY the Lord's Prayer? That is, did you ever actually try to figure out what it means? All through the past people have mumbled over the words of that Prayer in a sleepy-headed sort of manner, and most of them have had no more conception than a blind pig as to what the Prayer is asking for.

At present I just want to call your attention to one paragraph of it:

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

Do you believe that God's will is done in heaven? Do you believe that everything there conforms EXACTLY to His will??

Certainly you do.

Well, then, we find that Christ taught his desciples to pray that God's will might be done on earth in exactly the same manner and to the same extent that it is done in heaven.

Has it ever been that way on earth?

It certainly has not.

Is it ever going to be that way on earth?

It evidently is, for surely Christ, in laying down the only pattern that He ever did lay down for His people to pray by, would not have framed up a prayer that was vain and impossible and that He knew would never be answered. The very fact that Christ put such words into that sample prayer is all the proof anybody needs that He knew it would some day be answered literally.

But when is that to be?

Read it again—"Thy kingdom come." It is to be when His kingdom comes.

What sort of a kingdom did He have reference to, and when is it coming?

Well, some people seem to think that the church and the kingdom are the same thing, and that therefore the kingdom was set up on earth at the time the church was established.

But that won't do at all, because the church had already been established before the prayer was given, and if the church constituted the kingdom, why did He want His followers on down the ages to keep right on praying for the coming of a kingdom that had already come?

The way to get it straight is to realize that the church is one thing and that the kingdom is a different thing entirely. The church has been here over nineteen centuries, but it hasn't yet caused God's will to be done in earth as it is in heaven. And if the church in its present corrupted and worldly condition was the only dependence to get it done, it would never be.

But the kingdom—the glorious Millennial Kingdom foretold by all the prophets—is just now ready to step in and take possession of the earth. That will be the answer to the sample prayer that Christ left with us, and then for the first time since Adam's fall we will see God's will done on earth as it is in heaven.

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

Good News

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

VOLUME 8 | BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1917. | NUMBER 4

WAKE UP, SLEEPERS

The majority of people are married to the old-fashioned mummified creeds, and they think it heresy to believe that anything will ever be known or understood about the Bible which has not been known or understood all the time. They seem to entirely ignore the oft-repeated declaration of the Bible itself that many things written therein were "closed up and sealed till the time of the end." If words mean anything it is certain that these "sealed up" places were not intended to be understood by the people of past ages. And it is equally certain that they WERE meant to be understood SOMETIME, else why were they written? Of what use to the world is a message that the world will never be able to understand?

There is nothing more reasonable than to believe that God had certain great truths which it was not necessary for all past ages to understand, but which will be very necessary to those living in the end of this age. Thereefore He gave them to the world in such a way as to keep them dark and hidden until the time came when they would be needed.

And it is equally reasonable to believe that the time has now come—that we are living in the last days of this age. If you believe the Bible you can't help seeing that it locates and describes these very times and conditions in which we live. And it proves that these are the winding-up days of the present order of things.

Therefore the cut-and-dried orthodox brethren who throw up their hands in holy horror at the thought of any dark scripture being made plain in these days are going directly contrary to the plainest teaching of God's Book.

In the face of the scorn and ridicule that must be met, it takes a good deal of nerve for any Bible student to claim that he sees new light. But some very humble seekers after the truth have made such claims in recent years, and some of their predictions based on their new light have come true with such startling literalness as to shut the mouths of their critics. I have before me right now the work of two different authors who wrote many years ago—one of them 20 years and the other 30 years before the war started—and both of these writers mention the date 1914 as a great turning point in the world's history. They both made their calculations from Bible chronology and both reached the same conclusion. They claimed that the date 1914 would mark the beginning of the great "time of trouble" such as never was and never would be again, and which must end in the overthrow of all Gentiles governments and the establishment of one universal kingdom under the rule of Christ—a Theocracy of righteousness.

Of course this prediction of something terrible to happen in 1914 went unnoticed by the great masses of humanity, and hooted at by others, until the time came and the awful thing DID happen; but since that the hooters and critics have not had much to say. All the world can see NOW that the general shake-up and overthrow of kingdoms DID start right plum where the students of prophecy 20 and 30 years ago said it would start, and all present signs indicate that the rest of it will come just as fast as time can move. It was not expected that it would all happen in one day, nor in one year; but it has started, and the world will not see much peace till it is finished.

The religious standpatters who contend that the old order never changes and never will change—they are right in line for the biggest surprise of their lives in the very near future. If they can't already see that the old order is passing away, it will only be a very short while till they will HAVE to see.

If your eyes have not already been opened to see the new light that is dawning, you had better get down on your knees and pray for them to be opened. For just as sure as there is a God in heaven these things ARE true, and the sooner you find it out and order your life accordingly the better it will be for you.

The Divine Time-Lock.

The earth is here, and we are here on the earth. We know we have not always been here, and we don't believe the earth has always been here.

Then where did it come from and how did it get here? And where did we come from and how did we get here? These are questions that men have been asking themselves for, lo, these many centuries. Science has tried to answer these questions and has only partly succeeded. We are glad to get any light that science and the wisdom of men can throw on these dark problems, but they have not yet given us enough to fully satisfy us. There still remain many mysteries for which science can find no key.

But it has remained for humble and unscientific men to discover a Divine Key that will unlock every dark chamber of mystery. Some of them have not yet been unlocked, but it is only because the time for their unlocking has not arrived. We have full assurance that the Key will work when the time comes.

The whole riddle of human existence here is built on the principle of a time-lock, or rather a series of time-locks, and they can only be opened at the appointed time. That is why the Bible prophecies have been such a mystery to past generations. That is why all attempts to explain them have resulted in confusion and contradiction. But when the due time comes these doors of prophetic mystery swing open of their own accord and a flood of light pours in on the human understanding.

Many things that were "closed up and sealed until the time of the end" are now being opened and made plain. But you will have to get all that load of prejudice and preconceived notions out of your mind before you can receive the truth.

DON'T BE A TRAITOR.

Some well-meaning people are making a big mistake by their attitude toward the war. They seem to think they can still accomplish something by opposing the war and cussing the government. They forget that the time for argument ended the day war was declared. From that day forward the plain duty of every true citizen is to be loyal to the government under which he lives, even though he may still believe that the government made a mistake.

That isn't the question now at all. The question is: Which do you love best, your own native land and people, or that beastly and blood-thirsty German monarchy? One or the other is going to tote a licking. Which do you want it to be? Remember that every knock against Uncle Sam now is a boost for the Kaiser.

Nobody could possibly have been more anxious than I was for us to keep out of the war, but there was no escape from it. Because this is the Great World War that is to wind up the affairs of this Age, it was inevitable that the United States, one of the great world-powers, must become involved in it. All the presidents and statesmen in the world couldn't have kept us out. We might have run from it awhile longer, but it would finally have overtaken us. So it was just as well to face the music now as later. And since we must go, let us go with a solid front. Germany wanted war, and the world has made up its mind to give her so much of it that she will never want to hear tell of it again. This is the war that will end war forever, and maybe there will be some honor in having helped to rid the world of such a curse. We are in, and we are in on the right side. No doubt about that. So let's be loyal and make every lick count.

The Kaiser and the Devil.

As the days pass, I grow more and more convinced that the German Kaiser is the real personal Antichrist—the real visible embodiment of Satan on earth.

There are many different ideas about the devil, but the most reasonable notion is that he is a spirit being, having no material body of his own, but capable of entering into men and controlling their actions. He has been exercising that power all through the ages, but the Bible seems to teach that in the end of the Age a being shall appear who will be the actual embodiment of Satan himself. In various places this being is referred to as a "beast," and surely no human being on earth was ever more beastly than the present ruler of Germany.

Of course all pictures that artists have drawn of the devil are imaginary, but it is a startling fact that a true portrait of the Kaiser needs but very little doctoring to make it look like the pictures you have seen of the devil. A good cartoonist can take Kaiser Bill's picture and with a half-dozen strokes of his pencil make a perfect devil out of it. If you don't believe it, just hunt up a picture of the War Lord and see for yourself. You only need to sharpen his ears a little and make him a pair of horns and you will have as good a picture of the devil as any artist can draw.

This may be just an accidental resemblance, but it is strange enough to attract attention, at least. And then again, it may be that the artist who first drew our conception of the devil was unconsciously led to hit it right. If the Kaiser is not the devil his face slanders him.

Oh, I tell you, folks, this is the greatest and most all-absorbing subject that any paper ever had to talk about. For goodness sake, rally to its support and put it into every home in the land.

GOOD NEWS

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

A Monthly Message of Warning and Counsel and Comfort to a Stricken World.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Single subscription, . . year 25 cents.
In clubs of five or more . 15 cents.

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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GOOD NEWS,
BOOMER, . NORTH CAROLINA.

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it, I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just ought to watch his capers.

DO YOU WANT "GOOD NEWS" TO COME EVERY WEEK?

Answer This Question Right Now!

There is such an urgent demand coming from many of my readers for Good News to be made a weekly paper, that I have decided to put it up to the whole bunch and see what you all say.

If I undertake to get it out every week it will, of course, be necessary to get more machinery and more help. This has been a sort of one-man concern heretofore, but it has often been more than one man could manage very well. And I wouldn't think of trying it weekly without getting a good crew of hands and the necessary machinery to do the work in a business-like way.

A Linotype Machine will be the first and greatest need, and it will cost about $2,500. It will be used to set the type for the paper and to handle the mailing list. I can make out a few months with the press I have by running it pretty steady, but soon a faster one will be required.

If I do make it a weekly I want to also enlarge the pages to standard six-column size—just twice as big as they are now—and thus make room for some good clean advertising to help pay expenses. That would make it take eight times as much paper and postage each month as it has been taking, and all other expenses larger in proportion. You can see at a glace that it is going to take a big pile of money to fit up and run such a business, and you readers of Good News are my only dependence to raise the money. It's up to you. The way prices of paper and other things are now I will have to make the subscription price $1.00 a year for single subs, or 75 cents in clubs of four or more. Now if ENOUGH of you want it that way, and want it BAD ENOUGH, you can get it. But you certainly MUST understand that I can't print it weekly just to please a few. You must ALL get behind it and push. It will be a job requiring the utmost loyalty and co-operation of every one. You must not only "wish it well," but you must translate your wish into actual cash and send it here to help buy paper and pay work hands. That is the only possible way for you to get Good News weekly.

Now here is my proposition:

I want to see how many will be game enough to send me One Dollar right quick to pay for a year's subscription to the weekly Good News. If as many as Two Thousand will respond to this call within the next two or three weeks, I will order the Linotype Machine and go to fixing for the weekly paper at once. But if I should happen to not get enough money to enable me to start the weekly, then what? LISTEN! If you send the Dollar for the weekly, and then for any reason the weekly fails to materialize, I will just mark you as a paid-up subscriber to the monthly Good News for 99 years. In other words, you will get the monthly right on as long as you and the paper both live without ever having to renew again. So you see it don't matter which way it turns out you won't lose anything.

Now, friends, I am in deep earnest about this, and I want you to look at it in the same light. If your eyes have been opened to these great truths, it is your solemn duty to help open the eyes of others. Millions of men have DIED for causes not half as worthy as this, and surely you can give ONE DOLLAR for this great cause, especially when you will be getting the worth of it back in the paper every week. There is a big field right now for such a paper as I contemplate, and it ought to easily get a million subscribers.

And now let your Dollars begin to roll in thick and fast.

Remember that if only TWO THOUSAND of you folks will send me One Dollar each to help buy a Linotype Machine, I will give you Good News weekly right away. Who will be first?

And also remember that if the weekly fails to start, then you will be a LIFE-TIME subscriber to the monthly. Thank you!

Use this Blank RIGHT NOW! Or if you don't want to cut up your paper, then just copy the blank or write a letter. DO IT NOW!

James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir:—Here is my Dollar to help you get a Linotype Machine and make GOOD NEWS a weekly paper. I send this Dollar with the understanding that it pays for the weekly one year in case you make it weekly. And if you don't get enough help to make it weekly, then you are to mark me as a paid-up life-time subscriber to the monthly.

Name_____

P.O._____ St.No._____

R.F.D._____ State_____

Yes, He Is Surely In There.

Some people make fun of the idea that the Kaiser is referred to in the Bible at all, but just a moment's reflection will show you how very probable it is.

Actual figures prove that this war has already been more than twenty times bigger than any other war in the world's history. This is true as to the number of men under arms, the number killed and wounded, and the cost in money. Take twenty wars like our War Between the States, and roll them into one, and you still won't have as much blood and carnage, death and desolation, as this Great War has produced. I base this statement on figures printed in the Literary Digest about two months ago, and the figures were said to be as correct as it was possible to get.

So much for that. Now we all know that the German Kaiser was the main starter of all this bloody business, and that it is his crazy ambition for world domination that keeps it going.

Now here: If smaller wars and smaller men have been foretold in prophecy, is it reasonable to believe that this greatest of all calamities would be passed over and not mentioned at all?

There is no denying the fact that many of the wars and warlords of the past were spoken of in prophecy a long time before they came on the stage of action. In the case of Cyrus he was even mentioned by name over 200 years before he was born. Get your Bible right now and read Isaiah 45 4. And remember this was written more than 200 years before Cyrus was born.

Many other instances like this could be mentioned if time and space permitted, but it is not necessary. It is a clear case that the prophets did fortell future events long before they happened, and drew pen-pictures of the mighty men who were to take part in those events.

And so we come back to the question I asked a few minutes ago: If smaller wars and smaller men have been foretold in prophecy, is it reasonable, I say, to suppose that this greatest of all wars and the men responsible for it have been passed over and not mentioned at all?

I say it is NOT reasonable. If our Bible is the inspired book we claim it to be, then you can rest assured that the German Kaiser is in it as big as a mule.

And don't forget to send in a big club every few days. Because this certainly IS Good News.

"Going Up."

The old creeds tell us that good people go UP to heaven when they die. It is a most ridiculous idea, when you stop to consider that out in the boundless space of the universe there is no Up nor Down. AWAY from the center of the earth is UP, and TOWARD the center of the earth is DOWN, and that's all there is to it. The sense of up and down that we have is due entirely to the force of gravitation and if we could leave the earth and take up our abode on the planet Mars for instance, we could look back toward the the earth and it would be just a bright star in the heavens, and it would look like it was UP.

Suppose two good men die at exactly the same moment, one here in the United States, and the other in China. They both start to heaven. The American saint will go UP from this side of the earth, and the Chinese saint will go UP from the other side of the earth, and they will be going in exactly opposite directions. The farther they go the farther apart they will get. At that rate, when will they get together? And yet we are asked to believe that they both started to the same heaven. It is so ridiculous as to be almost amusing.

A great many of these foolish beliefs are due to pure un-adulterated ignorance. If people would only stop and think a little, they would soon see how impossible some of their beliefs are.

Of course there must be a place somewhere out in space where God has His headquaters. Whether or not there is any material City or Throne or anything else that would be visible to our human eye-sight is a difficult question. But wherever or whatever that heaven is, it is not UP any more than DOWN. It is merely OUT FROM the earth.

And, furthermore, it is my honest opinion that the saved people of this earth will never go to that heaven. When God made man and placed him here on earth, He placed him in a perfect Paradise, which was later lost through sin. The curse fell not only upon man, but upon the whole creation. In Genesis 3:17 God says to Adam:

"Cursed is the GROUND for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

So we see that the very ground is under the curse, and that's why weeds and briars, thorns and thistles, grow so much more easily than corn and wheat.

But this condition of things is not going to exist always. It will all be changed pretty soon. When the curse is removed from man it will also be removed from the ground and all the material world. Let us get this idea straight: Christ came to RESTORE all that was lost in Adam's fall, and that will include the restoration of that perfect Paradise here on earth. Adam didn't lose any far-away heaven and hence no far-away heaven will be RESTORED. The whole business is limited strictly to this very earth that we live on. There will be just this difference between the Paradise that was lost and the one that will be restored: The begining of the human race was very small, and so a small Paradise [a Garden] was all they needed. But now the race has multiplied and filled the whole earth, and so the restored Paradise will be just that much bigger—it will cover the entire earth.

That will be all the heaven we will need, and all that God ever intended that we should have. Those who wouldn't be satisfied with that wouldn't be satisfied with any other kind of heaven that God make, and the only thing that He can do with such people will be to utterly wipe them out of existence. And that's what He will do.

With the exception of the dailies, which are wanted for the news, nearly all papers have suffered as a result of the war. But it looks now like the war is going to give Good News a boost it never could have had otherwise. The war has set people to thinking about this great subject, and the good news that I am telling is now the most welcome message in the world. Come ahead, friends! There is still room on my list for a few millions more.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to GOOD NEWS is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

GOOD NEWS is now going on eight years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

GOOD NEWS, BOOMER, N. C.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Now, dear readers and friends, this is a personal letter to you. I want you to regard it as just as personal and just as important as if I had written it direct on my typewriter and mailed it to you in a sealed envelope under a two-cent stamp.

What do you think of the line of talk I am giving you this time? If you believe my New Message contains something that the people ought to read and think about, then I want you to appoint yourself as a missionary to help spread it among your friends. Tote this issue around in your pocket and read it to people you meet and ask them what they think about it. You will find more people thinking along these lines than you might suppose. And if you happen to strike a few who have not yet begun to think on these things, this paper will wake them up and put them to thinking.

The whole human race today is aware of the fact that this old earth is passing through a great crisis, and that SOMETHING of far-reaching consequences to the people must be the result. The human mind is in a questioning attitude, wondering if this really is the end, and the old cut-and-dried conceptions of what is going to happen in the wind-up are being changed rapidly.

Hence the time is ripe for this New Message, and I want you to help me spread it into every nook and corner of this broad land. It is going to take a great deal of money to run this thing under present conditions. Print paper costs about twice what it formerly did, and some kind of war tax (in the form of postage or otherwise) is going to fall heavily on all publishers. And besides that, I am constantly needing to add new machinery and office equipment to handle the business. You folks hustle up the clubs and I'll furnish the chin-music till everything goes easy.

A so-called "religious" paper that comes to this office has a page headed, "A Page for the Home." Now reckon what the rest of the paper is for?

More Proof.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir and Brother:

I am sending you not one dollar, but two dollars, as an indication that I would like for Good News to come weekly. I hope at least 2,000 others will do the same.

Your argument in your Sept. issue to prove that the "seven times more" was seven times 360 literal years, is good; but you might have strengthened it—yea, you might have positively proved it—if you had followed the argument set forth in my booklet, "How Long Will the Wicked Rule?" In this booklet, of which I sent you a copy several months ago, it is shown that God put Israel on trial just 360 years before Zedekiah's overthrow, and the "seven times more" began with the ending of the FIRST TIME. The first "time" began when Asa had reigned 14 years. See 2 Chron. 15:2-12. And from this time—that is, from the beginning of this time—to Zedekiah's overthrow was 360 literal years; to which the 7 times 360 was added, and which ended with 1914. Since 1914 "the powers that be" have been "fighting for their very existence," by their own admission. Up to 1914 they felt secure of their rights, as rulers. But now they feel the world slipping from under them.

Urge the people to help willingly in carrying out the food conservation program. Like old Israel, some are longing to stick to their natural desires—to "the flesh-pots"—to all the flesh they want. But God is back of this movement, and though the experience is bitter, yet God meant it for good.

Yes, this time of testing and trial through which the human race is now passing will bring out New Things—Better Things. And while these better things are being developed, God is preparing the hearts of the people to receive and appreciate these better things, which will, for a little season, be used by man for selfish ends—to his own hurt. However, God will bring good out of it all now shortly.

Sincerely,

J. P. STEPHENS.

Tabor, N. C.

LIFE'S BETTER WAY

An 80 page book by Rev. Walter E. Isenhour, teaching us how to live better men and women. This book should be in every home. Send 20 cts. and get a copy. Address: CARL O. WALLACE, B. 2, Moravian Falls, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. P. THOMAS, Clayton, Ala.—Plase accept a little club from me as a token of my appreciation of your valubable little paper. You will find enclosed $1.20 for which send Good News to the accompanying names.

J. T. WILSON, Rf Bx 79, Magnolia Ark.—I think your paper, Good News, is the best paper of to-day, as it is full of good news sure enough—news which the people ought to read and think about. Enclosed find 75 cents for a club of five.

REV. B. F. MURPHREE, Murphy, S.C. —By chance I came across your August number, and must have it regular from now on. If you have any July numbers please send me some sample copies and I will try to get you some subs. Enclosed find 25 cents for my own subscription.

OLE HOVE, Atascadero, Calif.—Last issue of your paper was such a surprise to me that I really rejoiced. It was good news to me. Enclosed find a club of five and remittance to cover.

R. J. HULSEY, RFD 8 Eastman Ga —I m writing you in regard to your last issue of your paper. I wish to commend your new ideas. Let us have a lot more on this new line. I showed your paper to my neighbors and got a club of six.

E. L. McCALL, Waycross, Ga.— I enclose $1.50. Send your New Message to the ten addresses below. It sets better than the greedy spirit of the ordinary affairs of the world. An article by you a year or two ago in which you referred to an "international Suicide Club of the World" caused me to look for the day when the Lord would take over you and your business as He now seems to take over each human movement that reaches the bitter end of its own headlong way. No one appreciates more than I do this indication that He who is soon to run the world may now use you to run ahead and tell it.

C. M. FERGUSON, RFD 5, Dahlonega, Ga, —Enclosed you will find mony order for 75 cents to pay for a list of five subs to Good News. Ten years ago I wrote in a book that the Battle of Armageddon would be fought and all nations would be in involved, and soon after it Christ would come and set up His reign of a thousand years Josiah, king of Israel, was killed at Megiddo. Is Megiddo and armageddon the same? If so, won't the deciding battle of this world-war likely be fought at Megiddo, south of Jerusalem? It was no trouble to get up a club of five for Good News. I read your Jubilee piece to one man who said it alone was worth the subscription price.

J. C. HARRIS, Dallas, Ga.— You will find enclosed 75 cents for a club of five. This club I got up by your last issue being of such good Bible doctrine concerning the Bible fulfilling. Send on the next one just as soon as you can, for this last paper has hit the nail on the head and is driving it in the right direction, we think, so keep on in that direction, exclaiming the truth of the Bible. We will try to send another club soon.

ANDREW J. KNIGHT, R1 Bx 19, Jesup, Ga. —I am very glad you made the change in your paper. While I liked The Fool-Killer's fun, you are on the right track now. I am fully in accord with you and will do everything I can for you.

F. E. GRIZZLE, R4, Buford, Ga. —My father received a sample copy of your paper, Good News, and after reading it the family and myself decided we wanted it, and so I got out among my friends and relatives and secured enough subs to make a club.

H. C. Seales, Paducah, Ky. —I am sending in a bunch of five subs and 75 cents to pay for same. So tell us more about the Thousand Years. The Fool-Killer was good in its day, but this is no time for fun.

W. J. WALKER, Cedar Key, Fla.—I like the change in your paper very much, and think it meat in due season. I, like you, think the times and coming events entirely too serious for a man of your knowledge and ability to have out monkey-shines to make people laugh. I am a true Socialist, but not one of the unbelieving kind. I am also a Bible student and teacher, and know that the things whereof you speak are true. and I will assist you in every way possible,

D. S. Campbell, Hodgen Okla. —I thought I would write you a few lines in regard to your paper. I have been a subscriber for two years. I liked your paper all right before, but I like it better now, since you have quit your foolishness and gone to telling facts. I am for you now teeth and toe-nails. As to the name, I think "Good News" is the proper name for your paper, as it was good news to me. So come on in the future like you did in your last issue and we are with you. Inclosed you will find the price of my renewal, for which send me twelve doses like the last one.

Names and Addresses Wanted.

Looky here, folkses, I want every blessed one of you to take a personal interest in helping me to get this paper before the people. And besides sending in all the subs you can yourself, the next best thing you can do is to send me a list of names of people who might be interested in my kind of talk. Try to send only the names of people who are serious-minded enough to read and consider what I say about this world-crisis. Send as many names as you please, if they are good ones, but don't send more than five from any one postoffice. Better just fix up a list of sample names right now while it's on your mind, and then go to work for subscribers. This don't mean the other fellow—it means YOU, your very own identical SELF!

Please don't misunderstand the above, as one man did, and think I don,t want more than five subscribers at one office. It is names for samples I am talking about. Send all the subs you can get, at one office or a dozen offices.

THE "IMMORTAL SOUL" IDEA.

It is the generally accepted belief among orthodox people that the Bible teaches the immortality of the soul. Well, there are a few isolated texts which, when taken separately, can be made to convey such an idea; but the whole connected teaching of the Scriptures on the subject is directly the opposite.

Right in the beginning of the Bible—in the third chapter of Genesis—is a clear statement of fact that ought to settle that question forever;

"And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man, and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."—Gen.3:22-24.

Here we are plainly shown that Adam did NOT have eternal life at the time he sinned and was driven out of the Garden. And furthermore we see that God took particular care to KEEP HIM AWAY from the tree of life, lest he might eat of it and GET eternal life.

If it don't mean that, then I must confess that I can't understand plain English. The only way in the world that the "immortal soul" advocates can get around this text is by supposing that the devil helped Adam to slip around on the sly and get to the tree of life anyhow, in spite of God, the Cherubim and the flaming sword. And such a thought is worse than ridiculous—it is almost blasphemy.

After man had fallen, God knew it wouldn't do for him in that condition to eat of the tree of life, as that would immortalize sin and make it impossible for even God Himself to destroy it.

And from Genesis right on to Revelation the Scriptures are full of proof that man in his present fallen and sinful condition is only a dying mortal, and not an UNdying IM mortal.

The penalty that was pronounced against Adam's sin was just plain DEATH, and not life in any state nor condition. Moreover, it was an eternal death, from which there was at that time no hope of delivery. But God, knowing from the very first just what would happen, had a plan of redemption and restitution already fixed.

And so Jesus Christ came along after awhile and through His death and resurrection BOUGHT BACK the privilege of life for the whole human race. Without the death and resurrection of Christ not one of Adam's race would ever have lived again.

We have had it drilled into us from childhood that because of Adam's transgression we were all headed straight toward an endless burning hell, and that Christ came to save a few of us from that awful fate. The Bible teaches nothing of the kind. We were all headed straight toward an endless death—absolute extinction—and Christ came to conquer death and buy back the life that Adam had forfeited, not for a few, but for ALL. In that sense, every human being was redeemed

But after having been redeemed from the first death, it now rests with each person individually as to whether he will stay redeemed or go into the second death. Adam's transgression brought the first death upon us and we can't escape it. Nothing but our own willful transgression will bring the second death upon us, and we CAN escape it. We have eternal life and eternal death set before us, and we must take our choice. Whichever we choose we will get it. And just as eternal life means to be ALIVE throughout endless eternity, just so eternal death means to be DEAD throughout endless eternity. The two conditions are set against each other in contrast, showing that they are exact opposites. You can't make death out of life nor life out of death, no matter how hard you may try.

Look On Page Two.

Now turn right back to page two and read that announcement about the weekly Good News and how to get it. And then if the proposition appeals to you, send along your Dollar.

At the time of closing these forms I have not had time to get a full hearing from the proposal in last issue, but they are coming in at a very encouraging rate. Lots of people are sending in their dollars for the weekly, with the understanding that if I should fail to get enough help to enable me to make it a weekly, then those who DO respond will be marked up as life-time subscribers to the monthly.

So that makes you absolutely safe in either case. You can't lose your money, for if I can't make it weekly I may still be able to get a Linotype machine and enlarge the monthly. The monthly is certain anyhow, and so don't let anything else interfere with the regular stream of subs to the monthly.

25 Cents a Year—15 Cents in Clubs of Five or More.

Good News

When you get hold of something good, pass it around. Send in a big club.

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

VOLUME 8 BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1917. NUMBER 5

"WAR IN HEAVEN."

Before the invention and development of the flying-machine, people who read in the Bible about "war in heaven" thought it meant away up millions of miles high at a place where they imagine God stays. Nobody ever dreamed about it being the atmospheric heaven that surrounds the earth. We had no reason for believing that men would ever fight in the air.

But within the past three years a new meaning has been given to that expression about "war in heaven." We see now that it could easily mean the fighting with airplanes that is now going on in Europe. And in fact, that is about the only thing it could mean. Because God's own private Heaven, if there is such a place, must evidently be a place of absolute peace and harmony. We are told that nothing evil is ever allowed to enter there. And if we have to believe that war could get into God's Heaven and cause trouble there, we will no longer be able to see how it differs very much from other places where war is, and Heaven will have lost its greatest charm—the very thing that makes it Heaven.

We all know that the atmosphere surrounding the earth is called "heaven," and we see that the first thing men did after learning how to fly was to begin fighting in the air. In a recent magazine article Theodore Roosevelt tells how the first air battles were fought very low, but as the air-fighting developed it got higher and higher, until now battles fought six miles high are very common.

You see the combatants soon discovered that there was an advantage in being ABOVE the enemy in order to fight DOWN at it, just as the man who wishes to whip another in a fist-fight begins by knocking him down and getting on top of him.

"Stay on top" is the big idea in air-fighting. But it is a game all sides can play at; and while one is mounting the clouds to get above the other, the other is doing a little mounting on his own hook for the purpose of getting on top himself.

So the natural tendency of air-fighting is upward—higher and higher. If possible they would carry it right on into God's own Heaven, but He will not allow that. He will send on them another confusion like Babel and put a stop to it all.

Yes, sir, the 12th chapter of Revelation and all the other places that talk about war in heaven, must be talking about the very same air-battle that you read about in your newspaper this morning.

ETERNAL TORMENT.

I was brought up in the Baptist faith and became a member of the Baptist church at an early age. I was probably "scared" into the church by the boogerboo of Eternal Torment before I was old enough to reason things out for myself.

Having been raised on such doctrine as that, and knowing that lots of good, honest, well-meaning people believed it, it was several years before I could muster up courage enough to doubt it. So the years passed, and I continued to believe in Eternal Torment for the wicked, but I was not satisfied with the belief. The more I thought about it the more unreasonable it seemed. Finally the day came when I said in my soul: If God is good, then Eternal Torment is a lie; and if Eternal Torment is true, then God is a cruel monster.

Having once begun to doubt, it was then easier to go on doubting. And I soon found that I didn't believe anything. I was an Agnostic, and expected soon to be an Infidel.

All this time I was trying to be unmercifully honest with myself. I wanted to be absolutely sure that the Bible was a big pack of lies before I finally threw it overboard. All my denominational prejudice was gone. There I stood, empty-handed and open-minded, bravely facing the problem and honestly seeking for the truth.

And then—just in the nick of time—this thought came to me: Maybe the Bible IS true, and they have merely taught me a wrong interpretation of it. Maybe, after all, it does NOT teach Eternal Torment.

And that thought saved me. I went back to the old Book and began to study it in a new light. And, behold, it was an entirely new Book. I found that it did NOT teach Eternal Torment, and then my respect for God came back in a hurry, and with it a good deal of humble reverence.

The true interpretation of what God proposes to do with the wicked is a very beautiful blending of Justice and Mercy. It is the least that a just God COULD do, and the most that a merciful God WOULD do. It is just plain DEATH.

The penalty of Death has been pronounced against the utterly wicked ever since Adam's transgression, and that is the only penalty ever mentioned. It is spoken of under various figures of speech, but it always means the same, and it is a slander against God to try to make it mean anything else.

The doctrine of Eternal Torment for the wicked, as taught in the man-made creeds, is a brutal, blasphemous and God-dishonoring doctrine, and I verily believe it is the cause of more infidelity than all other causes combined. Men and women with common sense are not going to love a cruel and heartless monster such as God would have to be if Eternal Torment were true. They might FEAR such a God, but they would never LOVE him. That is the kind of a being we understand the devil to be, and if God is just like the devil, why not just as well love the devil and be done with it? I believe the devil is every bit mean enough to torment people eternally and laugh at their misery if he was permitted to do it. But our merciful and All-Powerful God will not allow any such business. He is going to destroy the devil at the same time he destroys the rest of the wicked. And thus every vestige of evil will be utterly blotted out, and only goodness, peace, joy and happiness will remain.

THE TERRIBLE ATOM.

Here is something else for you to think about, and I don't want you to go off and say it's just one of my big lies, either.

The men of science are working on a strange new theory of matter. You know what "matter" is, don't you? Matter is just anything—any object that you can see or feel, and even after it gets so little that you can't see it with your natural eye, it is still matter. These very small invisible particles of matter are called "atoms."

It was thought for a long time that the atom was the ultimate unit of matter and that it could not be divided any more. But now the wise men come along and tell us that the atom is made up of a great number of still smaller things called "electrons." And the strangest thing about it is that these electrons are not lying close together in the atom, making a solid mass, but they stand wide apart and revolve around a central point at a most terrific rate of speed. It is just a microscopic copy of the solar system.

Just how the men of science find out such things is more than I can tell you. But they all affirm that these things are proven facts, and I am not in a position to dispute their word. Men have done so many wonderful things lately that I don't dare to say what CAN'T be done.

Well, as I started to tell you, these little "electrons" which are revolving in the atom at such an awful speed are bound to generate a great deal of force. And now science is working to discover a way to break up the atom and liberate the power that is imprisoned in it. One high authority says that a common copper penny has in it an amount of energy equal to 8,600,000 horsepower! Just imagine! Eight million and six hundred thousand horsepower in one copper penny! And the same writer goes on to say that whenever the secret of using this power is discovered it will be possible to transform the whole earth into a Garden of Eden.

But wait a minute! Judging by the way man uses the forces that he does possess, would he make the earth a Paradise or a Hell? Bless your soul, man already has in his possession forces that would soon make the earth a great deal better place to live in if he would use it right. But look! Instead of any progress toward a paradise condition, the earth is right this minute the next thing to hell. And man has to admit that this is what all his smartness comes to.

And so if the scientists should discover a way to use this terrible hidden power that they say is in every atom of matter—why, sakes alive!—everything would be blown into oblivion and the whole creation wrecked before you could say "scat." It never would do for man in his present sinful and depraved condition to come into possession of that terrible secret. In about five minutes there wouldn't be enough of anything left on earth to hold an inquest over.

This is no joke. The men of science claim to have proof that such a power exists. They are digging after it in all seriousness, and they are mighty apt to get hold of it some of these days.

But don't get excited. This great discovery will not be made until after the New Age sets in and the devil is chained. Then, and only then, will it be possible for men to handle such a power without wrecking the world with it.

You Dollar Folks.

To all those who responded to my first proposition and sent a dollar for the weekly one ear, I want to say that I will now put you on for TWO years, because I have reduced the price of all ADVANCE subs to 50 cents.

GOOD NEWS

(FORMERLY THE FOOL-KILLER)

A Monthly Message of Warning and Counsel and Comfort to a Stricken World.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, ... Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Single subscription, .. year 25 cents.
In clubs of five or more . 15 cents.

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

GOOD NEWS,
BOOMER, . NORTH CAROLINA.

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

If you think this dope I am giving you is something new that I have just gotten hold of and thought it would do for a sensation, you are badly mistaken.

It may be sensational to some folks, but it isn't new at all. It is as old as the Bible, and the fact that you didn't know it was in there ain't my fault.

Millions of people have believed these things for a long time, and millions more are beginning to believe them these days. It is no new revelation to me, but has been gradually unfolding before my eyes for several years. I have been just on the verge of launching this campaign two or three times before, but decided the time was not quite ripe for it.

Especially since the Great War started I have been convinced that we were in the closing scenes of this age, and I have not felt satisfied to go on being a mere clown to make people laugh. My "mouth has watered" more than once to say the things that I am now saying, and at last they are said. That is, some of them are said. There is plenty more to say. This is a mighty big subject, and as the hurrying stream of events rushes on it will get bigger. I can only just touch the high places in this issue. In future issues there will be room to treat the different phases of the question more at length.

Now, Mister, if you believe it or don't believe it, I want the privilege of talking to your head about a quarter's worth, anyhow. By that time you will either decide that I am a fool or that you are one, and maybe both of us will learn something.

Now come! Get up a big club and send it in. And if you think that way about it you can tell all your friends that Pearson has suddenly gone crazy and they just ought to watch his capers.

Just You and Me.

Well, friends, you see Good News is still having its troubles, but it is still hammering away and determined to overcome them.

As you know, I have been running a month behind for the past year almost, and the last issue was gotten out in November and dated for October. I meant to at least get out the November issue in December. But, behold, here came the most terrible blizzard and freeze-up that has ever been known in this section of country. The mercury got in a regular habit of staying below zero, and as I hadn't fixed my office for any such weather as that I simply couldn't keep it warm enough to work. So I was absolutely "froze out" for a whole month.

Now I am TWO months behind, thank you, and I beg your kind permission to skip November and get out the December number here in January.

On the face of it, that don't look like there is much use to tackle a weekly, does it? But let me prove to you that a weekly is the very thing I need to get me straightened out. Listen:

In the past I've had no way of getting my type set, no satisfactory mailing system, and nobody to help me do anything, and a bad case of sickness on hand besides. But now, as stated elsewhere in this issue, I have already placed my order for the very best mailing system ever invented. When it gets here and I get my entire list transferred to it I can mail ten times faster than the old way and do a much nicer job of it. And now you-all are going to help me buy that Linotype Machine to set the type, and I've got the hands picked out and ready to take charge of the mechanical end of the shop. About all I'll have to do then will be the writing and editing, and I can edit a weekly paper a heap better than I can a monthly, because I will have more "elbow room" to talk in, and also plenty of room for letters and contributions from others. I now have on hand a big amount of contributed copy that I want to print, but there is no room for it till the weekly starts. And just how soon that will be depends on how fast you-all hustle in the subs.

About the Monthly.

Yes, let the subs to the monthly Good News continue to come right on. The weekly will not interfere with the monthly at all for the present. All subscribers to the monthly will get their due number of papers just the same, and then a chance to renew.

DISARMAMENT.

Here is one thought concerning the war, and the possibility of its ending any time soon, that I want you to get.

If this is to be the last war, as we all fervently hope, then it cannot end until all the great armies and navies of the world have in some way been destroyed or put out of commission. The fighting may go on until they are all actually destroyed in battle. Or it could be possible that the people will get enough of it and demand of their respective governments a general world-wide disarmament.

At some future time in the history of nations the swords are to be beaten into plowshares, but that could be after the sword is so battered and broken that it is no longer a fit weapon to fight with. In one way or another all the great war machinery of the world must be put out of business. Just as long as armies and navies continue to exist in the world some excuse will be found to use them. The only way to get rid of war is to first get rid of the tools with which war is made.

Here is an illustration: When a man is discovered with a blockade still hid out in the mountains making blockade liquor, what happens? Why, the officers go and cut up the still and destroy all the tools and material that could enter into the manufacture of liquor. Why do they do that? Why wouldn't it be a better idea to leave the still as they find it and tell the man to put up two or three more like it—as a guarantee that he wont make any more booze? Tell him to keep his stills in good working order, always ready to make liquor at a moment's notice—but he mustn't make any! Wouldn't that be a dandy way to get rid of booze?

But that would be just exactly as sensible as trying to get rid of war without first getting rid of the machinery with which war is made. This is so plain and simple that it looks like the rulers could see it, but they don't. They claim that they don't want to make any more of the booze of war after the present big doubling comes off, but they expect to go right on keeping up their "stills." Oh, the folly of it!

The ruling powers of this old world have got lots to learn yet, I'm afraid the only way they will learn is by bitter experience. They will probably not agree to disarm until the destruction of battle has brought every fighting force to the end of its physical resources.

But the time has about arrived for the Golden Age of Peace to begin, and the soon-coming Prince of Peace will see to it that war and militarism are put out of the way.

Yes, disarmament must come and will come, and the world can have its choice of just two ways for disarmament to come. Either the nations must willingly and peaceably disarm themselves, or they must fight till they disarm each other. They are trying out the latter method now as fast as they can, but it is a slow and expensive way of doing what could be done so much quicker and cheaper.

But the over-ruling hand of God is in all this business, and disarmament will come in exactly the way He has planned for it to come, and all the efforts of men can't change it. They think NOW that they will go right on keeping up their armies and navies, but by the time this is all over they will be mighty willing to change their minds about it.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Now, dear readers and friends, this is a personal letter to you. I want you to regard it as just as personal and just as important as if I had written it direct on my typewriter and mailed it to you in a sealed envelope under a three-cent stamp.

What do you think of the line of talk I am giving you this time? If you believe my New Message contains something that the people ought to read and think about, then I want you to appoint yourself as a missionary to help spread it among your friends. Tote this issue around in your pocket and read it to people you meet and ask them what they think about it. You will find more people thinking along these lines than you might suppose. And if you happen to strike a few who have not yet begun to think on these things, this paper will wake them up and put them to thinking.

The whole human race today is aware of the fact that this old earth is passing through a great crisis, and that SOMETHING of far-reaching consequences to the people must be the result. The human mind is in a questioning attitude, wondering if this really is the end, and the old cut-and-dried conceptions of what is going to happen in the wind-up are being changed rapidly.

Hence the time is ripe for this New Message, and I want you to help me spread it into every nook and corner of this broad land. It is going to take a great deal of money to run this thing under present conditions. Print paper costs about twice what it formerly did, and some kind of war tax (in the form of postage or otherwise) is going to fall heavily on all publishers. And besides that, I am constantly needing to add new machinery and office equipment to handle the business. You folks hustle up the clubs and I'll furnish the chin-music till everything goes easy.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to GOOD NEWS is 25 cents a year. but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

GOOD NEWS is now going on eight years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

GOOD NEWS, BOOMER, N. C.

THE "SIX DAYS."

Among the various kinds and classes of people that Good News has brought me in contact with are a few conscientious but narrow souls who insist on a strictly literal interpretation of the Six Days of Creation. They seem unable to grasp the idea that a "day" ever means anything but a LITERAL day.

Well, let us suppose, just for argument's sake, that the creation of all things did take just six of our literal 24 hour days. To do so much creating in such a short time certainly proves that God is very great and powerful. I don't deny that He is ABLE to have done it that way. But the thing that puzzles me is this:

If God is so great and powerful, and if this great and powerful God has existed throughout all past eternity, as we believe, then what in the world had He been doing all that time up to 6,000 years ago? Can you imagine such a God sitting with His hands folded and doing absolutely nothing throughout all the inconceivable ages of the past? And after being idle so long, what in the world made Him take such an industrious spell and work so hard for just SIX DAYS and then quit again?

It is the most unreasonable thing I ever thought about.

The only reasonable thing to do is just to accept the truth that each creative "day" was a long period of time—thousands and maybe millions of years long.

I don't deny that God is ABLE to make a big oak tree from a little acorn in one night; but it happens that that is not God's way of making an oak tree. The tree grows slowly year by year, and each year's growth leaves a "ring" in the wood, and by counting these rings we can guess pretty well at the age of the tree.

Now the earth "grew" in a somewhat similar way—only its period of growth was so much longer. And each successive step or age of its growth has left its mark in the dirt and rocks. Now Geology goes down and examines these marks and tells us that the formation of the earth seems to be marked off into six general divisions—corresponding to the six "days" of Genesis.

But we jump up and bawl out Geology and say it's a liar, and that the earth and all the rest of it was made in six of our 24-hour days.

Why don't we be consistent and say that the rings in the oak tree have lied and that the tree ain't more than a few hours old? One would be just as reasonable as the other.

JERUSALEM RESTORED!

By long odds the biggest news of the whole war was the announcement that the Holy City, Jerusalem, had been delivered from the Turks. That is great news, especially to students of prophecy, and it means a great deal more than the world at large has yet realized. It is plain fulfillment of prophecy and the beginning of the great restoration and the New Age that I have been telling you about. The next issue of Good News will have a long and interesting article on this subject. Watch for it.

Get This Book!

A new book entitled "Life's Better Way" has lately appeared from the able pen of Rev. W. E. Isenhour. It gives a true picture of what life ought to be now and what it will be in the coming New Age. Just to introduce it, I will mail you a copy for only 20 cts.

CARL C. WALLACE,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

GRAB THIS!

If you want GOOD NEWS to visit you EVERY WEEK, now is the time to say so! Don't miss this chance!

Looky-here, now I want to come right into your home and stick my feet out to your fire and talk with you a few minutes about this-here GOOD NEWS paper we are trying to run.

The response to my proposition about making Good News a weekly paper has not been quite as good as I had hoped for, but it has been good enough to show me that the weekly will be a big success when I once get it going.

Most of you know about the sickness in my home and the trouble I have been having to get out the monthly all by myself. The fact is, the monthly is too big a job for me to handle all alone under existing conditions, and not big enough to justify me in getting more machinery and a regular crew of hands. And therefore if I am going to run business at all I just as well fix for it and run a BIG business while I am at it. And so the weekly is a sure thing now --as sure as anything can be during these perilous times--and it will start just as soon as I can get the Linotype Machine installed and the extra help ready.

I have already placed my order for the very latest and best Mailing System, and I need about $500 more on the Linotype Machine, and in order to raise that $500 right at once I am going to make this Big Offer:

I have decided to give all advance subs to the Weekly at half-price--just Fifty Cents a year.

In other words, all who send in their subscriptions between now and the time that the Weekly actually starts will get the Weekly a whole year for just Fifty Cents. I can afford to do this as a special favor to those who will help me buy the Linotype Machine and get the Weekly started. After it gets started the price will have to be higher. So please hustle around and send in as many as you can right quick—at the half-price rate.

I know as well as anybody that the irregular and uncertain appearance of the Monthly has been a discouragement to those who are interested in the paper. It has also been a great discouragement to me, but I have been doing my very best under the circumstances. I have had a hard time of it all the while, and the past two months have been unusually trying on me. In the first place, the weather has been so uncommonly cold and disagreeable that I couldn't get along with the office work, and besides that, I have had to be nurse, cook and housekeeper most of the time. My only dependence for getting my type set is to stick it by hand (as I am doing this piece) or else wade NINE MILES through the mud and snow to get it set on a Linotype Machine. That's how bad I need a Linotype of my own, and I just can't make any progress till I get it. With a machine of my own I can get out the paper every week much easier than I have been getting it out monthly without the machine.

And I have set my head to positively GET A MACHINE and go to doing business right. Just one more good pull all together and we will have it. Now roll in the weekly subs at Fifty Cents.

Address: GOOD NEWS, Boomer, North Carolina.

THE KINGDOM.

Even among those who believe in the soon-coming Millennial Kingdom, there is great divergence of opinion as to what manner of kingdom it will be. Will it be literal or spiritual? It is a hard question, and it may be that we cannot positively know the answer yet. But after weighing all the evidence I can find, I am bound to believe it will be a literal and visible earthly kingdom, with Jesus Christ as the literal and visible earthly King. He may not be visible to the world at large, but only to the righteous. I believe the time that he remained on earth after his ressurrection was intended as a type or illustration of how it would be at his Second Advent. He was present on the earth forty days before he went away. Doubtless that number, forty, means something if we knew what it was. But during that forty days He was never seen by anybody except his followers and friends, and even they got onlylittle glimpses of him. The manner of his different appearances to his friends during that period proves that he didn't have the same kind of a body that he had before his death and ressurrection. He was able to make it appear or disappear at will. And yet when they DID see him, he was literal flesh and bones, because he says so himself.

"Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."—Luke 24:39.

And then to still further convince them that he was real, he asked them for something to eat. They gave him something and he ate it in their presence. And so it seems to me that his ressurrected body must have a great deal of literalness about it.

And so that same body that he allowed his disciples to see and feel of is the identical same body that will come back to earth and rule as a literal earthly king over the re-established House of Israel.

Now get this idea: The Jews were all in a great state of expectancy looking for their Messiah at the very time that Jesus was born. But he came in such an humble way that they entirely overlooked him. And when he grew up and began his ministry in the world, he was still not fine and grand enough to suit them. So they just rejected him as an imposter and killed him, and kept on looking for their Messiah. They are looking yet. During the two thousand years that have intervened they have been scattered over the world with no nation that they could call their own, and they have met with many trials and tribulations. But through it all they have maintained their identity as a people. Wherever you find him throughout the world, a Jew is still a Jew. That in itself is a miracle, and is one of the strongest proofs that there is some Divine Plan working in and through them, although they themselves many not be aware of it. Take any other race or tribe of people and scatter them like the Jews have been scattered, and they will soon be mixed with the people around them and their identity forever lost. But not so with the Jews.

They don't mix worth a cent. No matter where you put them nor how you treat them they are still Jews, and there must be some reason for it. Let's see if we can find the reason.

The Jews as a people, through all their long ages of wandering in other lands, have always kept their eyes on Palestine—their Promised Land—and expected some time to be gathered back there and re-established as a nation. And they have always believed that when they get back home their Messiah will come. And now we see the way actually opening for their age-long hopes to be realized. As I write this the British armies are right now at the gates of Jerusalem, and the next news that comes I expect to hear that the Holy City is taken. (Since writing the above the news has come. The Holy City is delivered! This is the greatest event since the war started. Now just watch.)

The Allied governments are friendly to the Jews and have already promised them the Holy Land as soon as the Turks are driven out. So they have just the same as got it now. It is a plain fulfillment of God's oft-repeated promise to these people, and there is no possible chance for it to fail.

They are gathering back in unbelief. They still reject Jesus, and they still look for their Messiah. They are not looking for a spirit, but for a real person. Now Jesus Christ is going to come in exactly the way and manner that the Jews are looking for, and they will accept him this time. And they will learn to their great surprise that he is the same one that they previously rejected.

The idea I get is that the Lost Tribes of Israel will also be gathered back and re-united with the Jews, and they will all be together when the Messiah comes. I will not take up space here to tell who I think the Lost Tribes are, but that will be treated in future articles. What I am trying to do now is to show you that in order to fulfill the expectations of the House of Israel and thereby make it possible for them to accept him, the coming of the Messiah must be literal and personal.

You see if the war would end pretty soon, and universal peace could be established, and all the affairs of the world began to shape themselves in accordance with the spirit of righteousness, that would be mighty nice, of course; but still it wouldn't be anything that the re-gathered House of Israel could look to with a great national hope. The promise to Israel is that she shall take her place as the leading nation of the world for the next thousand years, and that will require the presence of her Great King.

GERMANY IN PROPHECY.

It seems to be no trouble at all for the orthodox theologians to believe that Napoleon and other characters of the past are referred to in prophecy. But they just hoot at the suggestion that the German Kaiser is mentioned by the inspired Bible writers. And yet Napoleon didn't kick up half such a caper in the world as the Kaiser has kicked up. If the prophets could look down through the ages far enough to see the French war-lord one hundred years ago, why couldn't they look just a little further and see the still more terrible German war-lord of the present day? Their prophetic vision must have come to a mighty abrupt end if they wrote about Napoleon and then didn't mention Kaiser Bill anywhere.

But they did mention him. I want you to read the following verses from the first and second chapters of Habakkuk and see what you think of them:

Behold ye among the heathen, and regard, and wonder marvelously: for I will work a work in your days which ye will not believe, though it be told you. For, lo, I raise up the Chaldeans, that bitter and hasty nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land, to possess the dwelling-places that are not theirs. They are terrible and dreadful: their judgment and their dignity shall proceed of themselves. And their horsemen shall spread themselves and shall come from far; they shall FLY as the eagle that hasteth to eat. They shall come all for violence: their faces shall sup up as the east wind, and they shall gather the captivity as the sand. Then shall his mind change and he shall pass over, and offend, imputing this his power unto his god.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment; and, O mighty God, thou hast established them for correction. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity: wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he? And makest men as the fishes of the sea, as the creeping things that have no ruler over them?

And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry. Behold his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith. Yea, also, because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people: Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say: Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee, and awake that shall vex thee, and thou shalt be for booties unto them? Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee; because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein. Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

If that don't refer to the present situation, I want someone to tell me why. Of course it don't mention the Germans by name. It calls them chaldeans. But it COULDN'T refer to the ancient Chaldean nation, because it plainly says these things shall be at the END, and we know that the Chaldeans lived away back near the BEGINNING. Evidently the word Chaldeans is used to refer to some other nation of people in the last days. Some writers claim that there is a good deal of evidence in history that most of the tribes that formed the German Empire originally came out of the old Chaldean nation. Hence it is not at all unreasonable that the Bible writer might have used the name Chaldeans in writing about the Germans.

The description fits the Germans, for they are a bitter and hasty nation, and they have marched through the breadth of the land to possess the dwelling places that are not theirs. They are also terrible and dreadful, just as the prophecy says. And that expression, "They shall fly as the eagle," is a clincher, and proves that it couldn't be talking about the old-time Chaldeans nor any other people or age earlier than the present. It says in plain words, "They shall FLY as the eagle," and we know that this is the first war in which men could fly at all. There can't possibly be any doubt about that being a prophecy of the flying-machine of today. Of course the people of past generations couldn't understand what that meant, but now we know it means just what it says, for men actually are flying like eagles in this war.

There is also a clear prophecy of the submarine in the verses quoted above. Go back and read where it says of the Kaiser that he "makest men as the fishes of the sea." That never was fulfilled until this war, and now it is being fulfilled every day. The whole seas are full of men going about under the water just like the fishes of the sea.

And it goes on to give us some assurance of how it will end. The prophet addresses his remark right straight to this terrible nation (which must evidently be Germany), and he says: "Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee." That, is good news for the Allies, and I am just as certain it will come true as if it had already happened.

And after it has come true, what next? Go back and read the last sentence of what I have quoted above: "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Hab. 2:14. As soon as Germany is thoroughly subdued and this war settled, then these glorious and happy conditions will begin to appear. Oh, if the people only would get their eyes open and realize what good things are in store for this old earth!